POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ITALY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MA
Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

Poems of Places.

Edited by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Each volume, 18mo, $1.00; the set, thirty-one volumes, in box, $25.00; half calf, $50.00.

1–4. England and Wales; 5. Ireland; 6–8. Scotland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden; 9, 10. France and Savoy; 11–13. Italy; 14, 15. Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Holland; 16. Switzerland and Austria; 17, 18. Germany; 19. Greece and Turkey (in Europe); 20. Russia, including Asiatic Russia; 21–23. Asia; 24. Africa; 25, 26. New England; 27. Middle States; 28. Southern States; 29. Western States; 30. British America, Mexico, South America; 31. Oceanica.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

ITALY

VOL. II.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Copyright, 1877.
By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
OSTIA.		
OSTIA	*Virgil*	1
THE RUINS OF OSTIA	*Julia Ward Howe*	2
PADUA.		
PADUA	*Virgil*	3
PADUA	*W. Shakespeare*	3
PADUA	*P. B. Shelley*	5
PÆSTUM.		
PÆSTUM	*S. Rogers*	7
THE GRECIAN TEMPLES AT PÆSTUM	*R. W. Raymond*	8
PÆSTUM	*C. P. Cranch*	9
PALERMO.		
FROM PALERMO	*J. Nichol*	10
PASSARO (PACHYNUS), THE CAPE.		
PASSARO	*Virgil*	12
PAVIA.		
CHARLEMAGNE	*H. W. Longfellow*	12
PERUGIA.		
FROM PERUGIA	*J. G. Whittier*	15
PESCHIERA.		
PESCHIERA	*A. H. Clough*	18
PIEDMONT.		
ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT	*J. Milton*	20
A VOICE FROM PIEDMONT	*B. Taylor*	20
THE VAUDOIS	*W. Wordsworth*	22
THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS	*F. Hemans*	22
HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION	"	25

PISA.

The Knight's Epitaph	*W. C. Bryant*	27
Ugolino	*Dante Alighieri*	29
The Tower of Famine	*P. B. Shelley*	32
In the Pine Forest of the Cascine	"	33
Evening	"	35
The Campo Santo at Pisa	*A. de Vere*	36
Campanile di Pisa	*T. W. Parsons*	37

PO (ERIDANUS), THE RIVER.

The River Po	*Lucan*	42
To the River Po, on quitting Laura	*F. Petrarca*	42
The Swans of Eridan	*G. Fletcher*	43
Stanzas to the Po	*Lord Byron*	43

POMPEII.

Pompeii	*S. Rogers*	45
Pompeii	*Count von Auersperg*	47
Pompeii	*R. S. Hawker*	50
Pompeii	*J. E. Reade*	54
Pompeii	*T. G. Appleton*	57
Pompeii	*J. B. Norton*	57
Sir Walter Scott at Pompeii	*L. E. Landon*	58
Pompeii	*W. Gibson*	59

PONTINE MARSHES.

Nympha	*G. Browning*	59

POSILIPO.

Virgil's Tomb	*W. Gibson*	61

POZZUOLI.

The Amphitheatre at Pozzuoli	*H. Taylor*	62

RADICOFANI.

Radicofani	*W. W. Story*	63

RAVENNA.

Dante	*G. Boccaccio*	66
Ravenna	*Lord Byron*	67
De Foix's Monument and Dante's Tomb	"	68
Ravenna	*L. Hunt*	68
The Pine Forest of Ravenna	"	69
The Daughter of Dante	*W. S. Landor*	71
Ravenna	*J. Dryden*	71
Ravenna	*J. E. Reade*	71
Beatrice	*H. S. Stokes*	72
From Ravenna to Rome	*Claudian*	72

REGGIO (RHEGIUM).
On Ibycus . . . . . *Uncertain* 73
Reggio . . . . . *J. E. Reade* . . . 74

RIMINI (ARIMINUM).
Cæsar at Rimini . . . . . *Lucan* 75
Rimini . . . . . *Dante* 76

RIVERS OF ITALY
Rivers of Italy . . . . . *Lucan* 78

RIVIERA.
Riviera di Ponente . . . . . *J. F. Clarke* . . . 79
Riviera . . . . . *The Marquis of Lorne* 82

ROCCA PRIORI.
A Summons . . . . . *F. A. Kemble* . . . 85

ROME.
Rome . . . . . *Virgil* 87
Rome . . . . . *Lucan* 89
The Roman Standard . . . . . *Dante Alighieri* . . 90
Rome . . . . . *J. Milton* 92
Rome . . . . . *J. Addison* . . . 94
Rome . . . . . *A. Pope* 95
Origin of Rome . . . . . *J. Dyer* 96
Rome . . . . . *B. Castiglione* . . 97
To Rome . . . . . *G. Guidiccioni* . . 98
To Rome . . . . . *Alfieri* 98
Rome buried in her own Ruins . . . *F. de Quevedo.* . . 99
Rome . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 99
The Siege of Rome . . . . . " . . . 101
Rome . . . . . " . . . 105
Rome . . . . . *W. Sotheby* . . . 106
Rome . . . . . *S. Rogers* 109
Rome . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . . 110
Rome . . . . . *L. H. Sigourney* . . 113
Rome . . . . . *M. Lowell* 116
The City of my Love . . . . . *J. W. Howe* . . . 117
Rome entered . . . . . *T. B. Read* . . . 119
Rome . . . . . *T. Aubanel* . . . 120
Ghetto di Roma . . . . . *T. W. Parsons* . . 122
The Dream . . . . . *E. Akers* 123
The Fountains of Rome . . . . . *J. Dyer* 126
The Fountain of Trevi . . . . . *B. Taylor* 126
The Scalinata . . . . . *T. B. Read* . . . 128
Ponte Sublicio . . . . . *T. B. Macaulay* . . 130
Campo Marzio . . . . . *J. Dyer* 135

ROME, HILLS OF.

Hills of Rome	*J. du Bellay*	135
Mount Aventine	*Virgil*	136
The Capitol: Tasso's Coronation	*F. Hemans*	137
Monte Cavallo	*A. H. Clough*	139
The Cœlian Hill	*B. R. Parkes*	140
The Esquiline	*J. Dyer*	142
The Palatine Hill	*Claudian*	143
Monte Pincio	*S. B. Stebbins*	143

ROME, RUINS OF.

The Ruines of Rome	*J. du Bellay*	146
Ruins of Rome	*N. Michell*	147
Ruins of Ancient Rome	*S. Dobell*	148
The Coliseum	*Lord Byron*	150
The Coliseum	"	153
The Coliseum	*J. E. Reade*	154
The Coliseum	*E. A. Poe*	156
In the Coliseum	*S. B. Stebbins*	158
The Circus	*W. W. Story*	159
The Arch of Titus	*A. de Vere*	160
The Shadow of the Obelisk	*T. W. Parsons*	161
Mausoleum of Augustus	*W. Whitehead*	164
The Pillar of Trajan	*W. Wordsworth*	166
Birds in the Baths of Diocletian	*A. de Vere*	169
The Baths of Caracalla	*J. Dyer*	169
Minerva Medica	*B. R. Parkes*	170

ROME, STREETS OF.

Via Sacra	*Horace*	172
Via Sacra	*S. Rogers*	177
Via Felice	*J. W. Howe*	178
The Corso: The Roman Carnival	*C. P. Cranch*	182
Vicolo della Fontana	*J. E. Reade*	185

ROME, CHURCHES OF.

St. Peter's	*Lord Byron*	186
Sir Walter Scott at the Tomb of the Stuarts	*Lord Houghton*	188
The Illuminations of St. Peter's	"	190
St. Peter's by Moonlight	*A. de Vere*	191
In St. Peter's	*W. W. Story*	192
Michael Angelo Buonarotti	*C. P. Cranch*	194
Christmas Night in St. Peter's	*H. Hunt*	197
St. John Lateran	*B. R. Parkes*	199
The Lateran Cloisters	"	200

THE PANTHEON . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 202
THE PANTHEON . . . . . *A. H. Clough* . . . 203
SAN NICOLO IN CARCERE . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 204
ARA CŒLI . . . . . *T. B. Aldrich* . . 205
FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES, AT HER CHURCH WITHOUT THE WALLS . . . . . *N. L. Frothingham* 206
SANT' ONOFRIO . . . . . *T. D'Arcy McGee* . 208

ROME, PALACES AND VILLAS OF.
THE VATICAN . . . . . *J. Thomson* . . . 210
THE VATICAN . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 213
THE BELVEDERE APOLLO . . . . . *H. H. Milman* . . 214
THE LAOCOÖN . . . . . *J. G. Holland* . . 216
THE SISTINE CHAPEL . . . . . *A. de Vere* 218
THE MISERERE . . . . . *H. B. Stowe* . . . 219
PALAZZO FARNESE . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . . 220
A DAY IN THE PAMFILI DORIA . . . . *H. B. Stowe* . . . 221

ROME, THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND.
GRAVE OF KEATS . . . . . *P. B. Shelley* . . . 225
THE GRAVE OF KEATS . . . . . *M. Lowell* 227
TWO GRAVES AT ROME . . . . . *F. T. Palgrave* . . 228
THREE FLOWERS . . . . . *T. B. Aldrich* . . 230

ROME, THE CAMPAGNA.
THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME . . . . . *S. Rogers* 231
THE CAMPAGNA SEEN FROM ST. JOHN LATERAN *A. de Vere* 235
THE CAMPAGNA . . . . . *T. B. Read* . . . 235
TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA . . . . . *R. Browning* . . . 237
ROMAN ROADS . . . . . *J. Dyer* 239
APPIAN WAY . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . . 239
THE APPIAN WAY . . . . . *A. de Vere* 241
A ROMAN AQUEDUCT . . . . . *O. W. Holmes* . . . 241
TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 243
TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA . . . . . *Mrs. R. H. Stoddard* 244
GROTTO OF EGERIA . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 245
THE GROTTO OF EGERIA . . . . . *W. Sotheby* . . . 247
THE GROTTO OF EGERIA . . . . . *T. K. Hervey* . . . 249
ROMAN VILLEGGIATURA . . . . . *Silius Italicus* . . 252
ROME TO BRUNDUSIUM . . . . . *Horace* 252

RUBICON, THE RIVER.
CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON . . . . *Lucan* 257
THE RUBICON . . . . . *J. E. Reade* . . . 259

ITALY.

Ostia.

OSTIA.

THE sea was flushing in the morning's rays,
And from the ethereal heights Aurora's car
With rose and saffron gleamed; when suddenly
The winds were stilled, and every breath of air,
And the oars struggled through the sluggish sea.
And here Æneas from the deep descries
A spacious grove. Through this the Tiber pours
His smiling waves along, with rapid whirls,
And yellow sand, and bursts into the sea.
And all around and overhead were birds
Of various hues, accustomed to the banks
And river-bed; from tree to tree they flew,
Soothing the air with songs. Then to the land
He bids the crews direct the vessels' prows,
And joyfully the shadowy river gains.

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

THE RUINS OF OSTIA.

SAY they, a famous seaport town?
One look abroad I bid thee cast,
Then tell me if thou canst descry
A dwelling here, or there a mast.

Of all its old magnificence
Stands one poor skeleton of brick,
With grass are sown the hidden streets,
The palace ploughed in furrows thick.

And this, the temple of a god,
The body of a mighty thought!
Here vowed the heart, elate with hope
When priests the struggling victim brought, —

Hearts like these hearts of ours; that drink
Existence, as an endless cup,
And smile to hear of an abyss
Where life and strength are swallowed up.

These men our brothers were, but built
Of sturdier frame and mind than we;
Tamed by their will, the unruly flood
Led their proud galleys to the sea.

Walk further, let my guidance show
One crumbling tower of Trajan's port.
Strange that Christ's vicar, God-inspired,
Has never had as wise a thought.

* * *

Julia Ward Howe.

Padua.

PADUA.

ANTENOR, from the midst of Grecian hosts
Escaped, was able, safe, to penetrate
The Illyrian bay, and see the interior realms
Of the Liburni; and to pass beyond
The source of the Timavus, issuing whence,
With a vast mountain murmur from nine springs,
A bursting flood goes forth, and on the fields
Crowds with resounding waters. Yet he here
Founded the walls of Padua, and built
The Trojan seats, and to the people gave
A name, and there affixed the arms of Troy.
Now, laid at rest, he sleeps in placid peace.

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

PADUA.

LUCENTIO. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies. —

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come: as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself.
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's Ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balke logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en. —
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

William Shakespeare.

PADUA.

PADUA, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As repentance follows crime,
And as changes follow time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray:
Once remotest nations came

To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth;
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might,
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born;
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear; so thou,
O tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Pæstum.

PÆSTUM.

'T IS said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds), —
'T is said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose,
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar god;
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knocked and entered with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language!
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold and silk and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried, "For Pæstum!"
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid, sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourned, and every year
('T was on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night,
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled,
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares a deadlier foe

Strikes at unseen, and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate:
For then the demon works, then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

Samuel Rogers.

THE GRECIAN TEMPLES AT PÆSTUM.

IN Pæstum's ancient fanes I trod,
And mused on those strange men of old,
Whose dark religion could infold
So many gods, and yet no God!

Did they to human feelings own,
And had they human souls indeed,
Or did the sternness of their creed
Frown their faint spirits into stone?

The southern breezes fan my face; —
I hear the hum of bees arise,
And lizards dart, with mystic eyes,
That shrine the secret of the place!

These silent columns speak of dread,
Of lovely worship without love;
And yet the warm, deep heaven above
Whispers a softer tale instead!

Rossiter W. Raymond.

PÆSTUM.

THERE, down Salerno's bay,
In deserts far away,
Over whose solitudes
The dread malaria broods,
No labor tills the land, —
Only the fierce brigand,
Or shepherd, wan and lean,
O'er the wide plains is seen.
Yet there, a lovely dream,
There Grecian temples gleam,
Whose form and mellowed tone
Rival the Parthenon.
The Sybarite no more
Comes hither to adore,
With perfumed offering,
The ocean god and king.
The deity is fled
Long since, but, in his stead,
The smiling sea is seen,
The Doric shafts between;
And round the time-worn base
Climb vines of tender grace,
And Pæstum's roses still
The air with fragrance fill.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Palermo.

FROM PALERMO.

O'ER snowy Alps and tossing seas,
To me, an idle wanderer, comes
A memory with the northern breeze, —
A touch of hands from English homes.

I roam mid ruins rich in fame,
And on the days of glory muse,
When Carthage, with her heart on flame,
Wrestled with Rome for Syracuse;

While Clio bids to greater themes,
To strike a lyre with sterner strings,
And mingle with remoter dreams
The fights of old Phœnician kings.

But this fair shore, where roses dwell,
And reaches of the silver main,
Encircled by the golden shell,
Demand from me a softer strain.

So, loitering up Sicilian glades,
And climbing cliffs that Pindar sung,
I gather flowers 'neath olive shades,
To speak to thee in English tongue.

No brighter hues around were spread,
When Proserpine, with all her girls,

Forgat the hours on Enna's mead,
Nor gentler breezes fanned her curls.

In far green valleys, I forget
The whole dim world of strife and care;
The Graces wreathe their dances yet,
With them I breathe a calmer air.

The hopes that have a second birth
Revive, fresh splendors are unfurled,
And, treading on a kindlier earth,
I realize a wider world.

Still, mid these realms of antique art,
Of classic sculpture, Arab dome,
And tropic fragrance, half my heart
Points, with my compass, o'er the foam.

Not wholly in the siren's thrall,
I set afloat my random rhymes;
And pluck the branches that recall
The message borne from colder climes.

The lily's light, the violet's ray
Purpling, like eve, in this rich sky;
And daisies, blooming where the day
Beams with an ever azure eye.

Receive these blossoms of the year,
Grown where eternal summer smiles,
Round the great gorge, without a peer,
In this the pearl of all the isles.

John Nichol.

Passaro (Pachynus), the Cape.

PASSARO.

THENCE, passing the fat soil and stagnant stream
Of the Helorus, by Pachynus' crags
Of tall and jagged rock, we coast along;
And Camarina, which the Fates forbade
That they should ever drain, is seen afar;
And Gela, with its city, fields, and stream.
Steep Agrigentum shows her stately walls,
Once famed for mettled steeds. We leave behind
Palmy Selinus, and the dangerous shoals
And rocks of Lilybeum. Then the port
Of Drepanum receives me, — joyless shore!

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

Pavia.

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach
A mighty army, thronging all the roads

That led into the city. And the King
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth
As hostage at the court of France, and knew
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne
Among that host?" And Olger answered: "No."

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed onward and increased, until the King
Cried in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"
And Olger answered slowly: "No; not yet;
He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed
King Desiderio asked: "What shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater army?"
And Olger answered: "When he shall appear,
You will behold what manner of man he is;
But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose,
The Paladins of France; and at the sight
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror cried:
"This must be Charlemagne!" and as before
Did Olger answer: "No; not yet, not yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete
The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts;
And Desiderio could no more endure
The light of day, nor yet encounter death,
But sobbed aloud and said: "Let us go down
And hide us in the bosom of the earth,
Far from the sight and anger of a foe

So terrible as this!" And Olger said:
"When you behold the harvests in the fields
Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,
Then may you know that Charlemagne is come."
And even as he spake, in the northwest,
Lo! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,
Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms
Upon the people pent up in the city;
A light more terrible than any darkness;
And Charlemagne appeared;—a Man of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.
In his left hand he held an iron spear,
In his right hand his sword invincible.
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,
And color of iron. All who went before him,
Beside him, and behind him, his whole host,
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armor that they wore.
The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,
And points of iron glistened in the sun
And shed a terror through the city streets.
This at a single glance Olger the Dane
Saw from the tower, and turning to the King
Exclaimed in haste, "Behold, this is the man
You looked for with such eagerness!" and then
Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Perugia.

FROM PERUGIA.

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-tails have spread,
Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red;
And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff,
And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff;
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals forth,
Each a lord of the church and a prince of the earth.

What 's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of drum?
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come, —
The militant angels, whose sabres drive home
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and abhorred,
The good Father's missives, and "Thus saith the Lord!"
And lend to his logic the point of the sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn!
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for shame!
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name!
Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling behaves,
And his tender compassion of prisons and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-stains yet fresh,
That splashed like red wine from the vintage of flesh,—

Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack
How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews crack;
But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their swords,
And the sneer and the scowl print the air with fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your vivas like mad!
Here 's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to the quick,
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,
Who the rôle of the priest and the soldier unites,
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights!

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom
We sang our hosannas and lighted all Rome;
With whose advent we dreamed the new era began
When the priest should be human, the monk be a man?
Ah, the wolf 's with the sheep, and the fox with the fowl,
When freedom we trust to the crozier and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here 's a hangman-faced Swiss
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)
Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to kiss.
Short shrift will suffice him, — he 's blest beyond doubt;
But there 's blood on his hands which would scarcely wash out,
Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next! Here 's another sweet son!
What 's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets done?
He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God forbid!)
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.
And the mothers? — Don't name them! — these humors of war
They who keep him in service must pardon him for.

Hist! here 's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,
With the heart of a wolf and the stealth of a cat
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and gold,
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?
When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical board,
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its sword,
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on his head,
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day.
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor boys,
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.
Te Deum laudamus! — All round without stint
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in 't!

And now for the blessing! Of little account,
You know, is the old one they heard on the Mount.

Its giver was landless, his raiment was poor,
No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore;
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,
No Swiss guards! — We order things better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us the weak;
Let Austria's vulture have food for her beak;
Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba again,
With his death-cap of silence, and halter, and chain;
Put reason and justice and truth under ban;
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Peschiera.

PESCHIERA.

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
"'T is better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

The Tricolor, a trampled rag,
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track,
By sentries' boxes yellow black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;

The eagle with his black wing flouts
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O, men of Brescia! on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since so it is, good by,
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die.'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):
"And if our children must obey,
They must; but, thinking on this day,
'T will less debase them to submit."

You said (O, not in vain you said):
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day,
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 't is true,
By force and fortune's right he stands, —
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:
"'T is better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Piedmont.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

John Milton.

A VOICE FROM PIEDMONT.

BEND from that heaven, whose visioned glories gave,
Thou blind old bard, the splendor of thy song,
And give the godlike words which mortals crave,
To speak, exulting, o'er the fallen wrong!

For lo! the avenger of that hour of blood
Has heard at last thy summons, stern and grand, —
Has freed the children of the slaughtered brood,
In the cold Alpine land!

O, at the tardy word, whose thunder broke
The chains of ages from that suffering flock,
Methinks the mountain's giant soul awoke,
And thrilled beneath the eternal ribs of rock!
The ancient glaciers brightened in the sky;
Beneath them, shouting, burst the jubilant rills,
And the white Alps of Piedmont made reply
To the free Vaudois hills!

And far below, in the green pasture-vales,
The Waldense shepherd knelt upon the sod,
While chapel-bells chimed on the mountain gales
And every châlet sent its hymn to God!
Matron and sire, and sweet-voiced peasant-maid,
And the strong hunter from the steeps of snow,
Looked up to Him, whose help their fathers prayed,
Through years of blood and woe.

Build now the sepulchres of martyrs old:
Gather the scattered bones from every glen
Where the red waves of pitiless slaughter rolled,
When fell those brave and steadfast-hearted men!
Piedmont is free! and brightening with the years,
Shall Freedom's sun upon her mountains shine;
While her proud children say, with joyous tears,
"The glory, Lord, be thine!"

Bayard Taylor.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats,
Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens is God's good winter for their haunts.

William Wordsworth.

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

YES! thou hast met the sun's last smile
From the haunted hills of Rome;
By many a bright Ægean isle
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,
Thou hast watched the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds sung
Some wild and warlike strain,

Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread
Where man hath nobly striven,
And life, like incense, hath been shed,
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows and round the pines
Hath swept a noble flood;
The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood!

A spirit stronger than the sword
And loftier than despair,
Through all the heroic region poured,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep
Of long-enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant where his sires
For truth and freedom bled;
Ask where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead;

And he will tell thee, all around,
On fount and turf and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown!

Go, when the Sabbath bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and caves are stirred
To gladness by the note;

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice,
Like the swell of many an organ, blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
Through shame, through death, made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have borne
Witness of God so long!

Felicia Hemans.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

FOR the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves:
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free hearts' burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

Felicia Hemans.

Pisa.

THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH.

THIS is the church which Pisa, great and free,
Reared to St. Catharine. How the time-stained walls,
That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
Rolled from the organ! Underneath my feet
There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
The image of an armed knight is graven
Upon it, clad in perfect panoply, —
Cuishes, and greaves, and cuirass, with barred helm,
Gauntleted hand, and sword, and blazoned shield.
Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
By feet of worshippers, are traced his name,
And birth, and death, and words of eulogy.
Why should I pore upon them? This old tomb,
This effigy, the strange, disused form
Of this inscription, eloquently show
His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph.
"He whose forgotten dust for centuries
Has lain beneath this stone was one in whom
Adventure and endurance and emprise
Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,

And quick to draw the sword in private feud.
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
The maid that pleased him from her bower by night
To his hill-castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities; earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck,
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
But would have joined the exiles that withdrew
Forever, when the Florentine broke in
The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies, — but he died before that day.
"He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning from the reproaches of the past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease
And love and music his inglorious life."

William Cullen Bryant.

UGOLINO.

HIS mouth uplifted from his grim repast
That sinner, wiping it upon the hair
Of the same head that he behind had wasted.
Then he began: "Thou wilt that I renew
The desperate grief, which wrings my heart already
To think of only, ere I speak of it;
But if my words be seed that may bear fruit
Of infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw,
Speaking and weeping shalt thou see together.
I know not who thou art, nor by what mode
Thou hast come down here; but a Florentine
Thou seemest to me truly, when I hear thee.
Thou hast to know I was Count Ugolino,
And this one was Ruggieri the Archbishop;
Now I will tell thee why I am such a neighbor.
That, by effect of his malicious thoughts,
Trusting in him I was made prisoner,
And after put to death, I need not say;
But ne'ertheless what thou canst not have heard,
That is to say, how cruel was my death,
Hear shalt thou, and shalt know if he has wronged me.
A narrow perforation in the mew,
Which bears because of me the title of Famine,
And in which others still must be locked up,
Had shown me through its opening many moons
Already, when I dreamed the evil dream

Which of the future rent for me the veil.
This one appeared to me as lord and master,
Hunting the wolf and whelps upon the mountain
For which the Pisans cannot Lucca see.
With sleuth-hounds gaunt, and eager, and well-trained,
Gualandi with Sismondi and Lanfranchi
He had sent out before him to the front.
After brief course seemed unto me forespent
The father and the sons, and with sharp tushes
It seemed to me I saw their flanks ripped open.
When I before the morrow was awake,
Moaning amid their sleep I heard my sons
Who with me were, and asking after bread.
Cruel indeed art thou, if yet thou grieve not,
Thinking of what my heart foreboded me,
And weep'st thou not, what art thou wont to weep at?
They were awake now, and the hour drew nigh
At which our food used to be brought to us,
And through his dream was each one apprehensive;
And I heard locking up the under door
Of the horrible tower; whereat without a word
I gazed into the faces of my sons.
I wept not, I within so turned to stone;
They wept; and darling little Anselm mine
Said: 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what doth ail thee?'
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
Until another sun rose on the world.
As now a little glimmer made its way

Into the dolorous prison, and I saw
Upon four faces my own very aspect,
Both of my hands in agony I bit;
And, thinking that I did it from desire
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
And said they: 'Father, much less pain 't will give us
If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us
With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad.
That day we all were silent, and the next.
Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open?
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,
Saying, 'My father, why dost thou not help me?'
And there he died; and, as thou seest me,
I saw the three fall, one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me,
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then hunger did what sorrow could not do."
When he had said this, with his eyes distorted,
The wretched skull resumed he with his teeth,
Which, as a dog's upon the bone were strong.
Ah! Pisa, thou opprobrium of the people
Of the fair land there where the *Sì* doth sound,
Since slow to punish thee thy neighbors are,
Let the Capraia and Gorgona move,
And make a hedge across the mouth of Arno
That every person in thee it may drown!
For if Count Ugolino had the fame
Of having in thy castles thee betrayed,

Thou shouldst not on such cross have put his sons.
Guiltless of any crime, thou modern Thebes!
Their youth made Uguccione and Brigata,
And the other two my song doth name above!

Dante Alighieri. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.

AMID the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
Of an extinguished people, so that pity
Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave
For bread and gold and blood; pain, linked to guilt,
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt.
There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes; each marble-ribbéd roof,
The brazen-gated temples and the bowers
Of solitary wealth, the tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimmed, — they stand aloof,
And are withdrawn, — so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre, wrapt in shapeless terror,
Amid a company of ladies fair
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

IN THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE.

WE wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was! — the silence there
By such a chain was bound,

That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced;
A spirit interfused around
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife;—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 't were a little sky
Gulfed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day;
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

EVENING.

PONTE A MARE, PISA.

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
  Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
  And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
  The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
  It trembles, but it never fades away.

* * *

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
  By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled, but
  Growing and moving upwards in a crowd;
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.

I.

THERE needs not choral song, nor organ's pealing: —
  This mighty cloister of itself inspires
Thoughts breathed like hymns from spiritual choirs;
While shades and lights, in soft succession stealing,
Along it creep, now veiling, now revealing
Strange forms, here traced by painting's earliest sires, —

Angels with palms; and purgatorial fires;
And saints caught up, and demons round them reeling.
Love, long remembering those she could not save,
Here hung the cradle of Italian Art:
Faith rocked it: like a hermit child went forth
From hence that power which beautified the earth.
She perished when the world had lured her heart
From her true friends, Religion and the Grave.

II.

Lament not thou: the cold winds, as they pass
Through the ribbed fretwork with low sigh or moan,
Lament enough: let them lament alone,
Counting the sear leaves of the innumerous grass
With thin, soft sound like one prolonged, — alas!
Spread thou thy hands on sun-touched vase, or stone
That yet retains the warmth of sunshine gone,
And drink warm solace from the ponderous mass.
Gaze not around thee. Monumental marbles,
Time-clouded frescos, mouldering year by year,
Dim cells in which all day the night-bird warbles, —
These things are sorrowful elsewhere, not here:
A mightier Power than Art's hath here her shrine:
Stranger! thou tread'st the soil of Palestine!

Aubrey de Vere.

CAMPANILE DI PISA.

SNOW was glistening on the mountains, but the air
was that of June;
Leaves were falling, but the runnels playing still their
summer tune,

And the dial's lazy shadow hovered nigh the brink of noon.
On the benches in the market rows of languid idlers lay,
When to Pisa's nodding belfry, with a friend, I took my way.

From the top we looked around us, and as far as eye might strain,
Saw no sign of life or motion in the town or on the plain.
Hardly seemed the river moving, through the willows to the main;
Nor was any noise disturbing Pisa from her drowsy hour,
Save the doves that fluttered 'neath us, in and out and round the tower.

Not a shout from gladsome children, or the clatter of a wheel,
Nor the spinner of the suburb, winding his discordant reel,
Nor the stroke upon the pavement of a hoof or of a heel.
Even the slumberers in the churchyard of the Campo Santo seemed
Scarce more quiet than the living world that underneath us dreamed.

Dozing at the city's portal, heedless guard the sentry kept,
More than Oriental dulness o'er the sunny farms had crept,

Near the walls the ducal herdsman by the dusty roadside
slept;
While his camels, resting round him, half alarmed the
sullen ox,
Seeing those Arabian monsters pasturing with Etruria's
flocks.

Then it was, like one who wandered, lately, singing by
the Rhine,
Strains perchance to maiden's hearing sweeter than this
verse of mine,
That we bade Imagination lift us on her wing divine,
And the days of Pisa's greatness rose from the sepul-
chral past,
When a thousand conquering galleys bore her standard
at the mast.

Memory for a moment crowned her sovereign mistress
of the seas,
When she braved, upon the billows, Venice and the
Genoese,
Daring to deride the Pontiff, though he shook his angry
keys.
When her admirals triumphant, riding o'er the Soldan's
waves,
Brought from Calvary's holy mountain fitting soil for
knightly graves.

When the Saracen surrendered, one by one, his pirate
isles,
And Ionia's marbled trophies decked Lungarno's Gothic
piles,

Where the festal music floated in the light of ladies' smiles;
Soldiers in the busy courtyard, nobles in the hall above,
O, those days of arms are over, — arms and courtesy and love!

Down in yonder square at sunrise, lo! the Tuscan troops arrayed,
Every man in Milan armor, forged in Brescia every blade:
Sigismondi is their captain, — Florence! art thou not dismayed?
There 's Lanfranchi! there the bravest of Gherardesca stem,
Hugolino, — with the bishop; but enough, enough of them.

Now, as on Achilles' buckler, next a peaceful scene succeeds;
Pious crowds in the cathedral duly tell their blessed beads;
Students walk the learned cloister; Ariosto wakes the reeds;
Science dawns; and Galileo opens to the Italian youth,
As he were a new Columbus, new discovered realms of truth.

Hark! what murmurs from the million in the bustling market rise!
All the lanes are loud with voices, all the windows dark with eyes;

Black with men the marble bridges, heaped the shores
with merchandise;
Turks and Greeks and Libyan merchants in the square
their councils hold,
And the Christian altars glitter gorgeous with Byzantine
gold.

Look! anon the masqueraders don their holiday attire;
Every palace is illumined, — all the town seems built of
fire, —
Rainbow-colored lanterns dangle from the top of every
spire.
Pisa's patron saint hath hallowed to himself the joyful
day,
Never on the thronged Rialto showed the Carnival more
gay.

Suddenly the bell beneath us broke the vision with its
chime.
"Signors," quoth our gray attendant, "it is almost
vesper time."
Vulgar life resumed its empire, — down we dropt from
the sublime.
Here and there a friar passed us, as we paced the
silent streets,
And a cardinal's rumbling carriage roused the sleepers
from the seats.

Thomas William Parsons.

Po (Eridanus), the River.

THE RIVER PO.

THE Po, that, rushing with uncommon force,
O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And, rising from Hesperia's watery veins,
The exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as sings the fable, first conveyed
Its wondering current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaëton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surviving streams supplied,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dried,
And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quenched the dire flame that set the world on fire.

Lucan. Tr. Joseph Addison.

TO THE RIVER PO, ON QUITTING LAURA.

THOU, Po, to distant realms this frame mayst bear,
On thy all-powerful, thy impetuous tide;
But the free spirit that within doth bide
Nor for thy might nor any might doth care:
Not varying here its course, nor shifting there,
Upon the favoring gale it joys to glide;
Plying its wings toward the laurel's pride,
In spite of sails or oars, of sea or air.
Monarch of floods, magnificent and strong,

That meet'st the sun as he leads on the day,
But in the west dost quit a fairer light;
Thy curvéd course this body wafts along;
My spirit on love's pinions speeds its way,
And to its darling home directs its flight!

Francesca Petrarca. Tr. John Nott.

THE SWANS OF ERIDAN.

SO down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side banked with a lily wall,
Whiter than both rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his watery funeral!
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore; nor can he envy it
If, when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

Giles Fletcher.

STANZAS TO THE PO.

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say, — a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art, were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, — not forever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I — to loving one I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air unharmed by summer's heat.

She will look on thee, — I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought; and from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream, —
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep? —

Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fanned
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, — at least of thee.

'T is vain to struggle, — let me perish young, —
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

Lord Byron.

Pompeii.

POMPEII.

ONCE did I linger there alone till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,

Just where the three ways meet, I stood and looked
('T was near a noble house, the house of Pansa),
And all was still as in the long, long night
That followed, when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought Pompeii sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens with their water-urns
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear
The moon was rising, and at once revealed
The name of every dweller and his craft;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this City of the Dead.

Mark where within, as though the embers lived,
The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke.
There dwelt a miller; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office, — but he comes not.
And there, hard by (where one in idleness
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shows erelong to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half chiselled into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an earthen jar, no more supplied;
And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups

Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate and quaffed and looked on them that passed,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.
But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy so sacred once,
"Hail!" At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendor.
But hark, a footstep! may we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now — along the corridor it comes, —
I cannot err, — a filling as of baths!
Ah, no, 't is but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead!

Samuel Rogers.

POMPEII.

DEAD dweller of Pompeii, with whose ashes
Perchance, e'en now, the wanton winds are playing,
That tease the grape and rose through viny meshes,
Among the sunny locks of noonday straying!

Thine is the house, which I, thy guest, belated
Two thousand years, am at this moment greeting!
Thou art a man with whom one well were mated,
And me thy Lar invites to friendly meeting.

Thy "Salve!" still the old mosaics sound it
Long after thee, up from the threshold glancing;
'T is good for me, as once each neighbor found it,
Who now, with thee, in fickle winds is dancing.

Thou wilt not scorn my visit, though a late one,
Nor yet will I reproach the house's master,
Who bids me sit, he the rich man and great one,
For purple cushion, on this moss-clad plaster.

Well may thy Lares ('t is my heart's desire)
With my house-cobolds learn to exchange good wishes!
Though they each other pelt with brands of fire,
Heaven grant they only may not burn our dishes!

Roof and gold beams all gone? and, in their places,
Does Heaven's blue canopy alone smile o'er us?
Well, I'm an easy guest, I'll say, "How graces
Mine host's blue silk o'erhead the scene before us?"

And though the sun upon my skull lies stinging,
It is the Rose of Silence (I will swear it),
That even on Pæstum's roses scorn is flinging, —
How kind in honor of thy guest to wear it!

Yon ivy-vine where the cicada, swinging,
Sits overhead, is the slack rope, suspended,
On which thy tumbler entertains us, springing; —
No fall for him needs now be apprehended!

Here, too, is Love! His works immortal proving,
Limned by the painter-poets on the ceiling!

Racy and bold, in sooth! But then, in loving,
Better too bold than shy, the flame revealing!

Trophies of Bacchus, Amphoras, a rabble
Of Bacchanals, lie round us, tipsy creatures;
Their mouths are stopped with ashes, yet they gabble
Still of their jolly god's inspired features!

Lo, the Papyrus-roll! — fair greeting, Muses!
Though black and crisp, it holds in sacred keeping
Pearls of your finery, as the muscle loses
No pearly tear within its dark shrine sleeping.

Now let us go to thy garden's feast of roses!
Alas, its mourning walls their treasure cherish,
Like a sad urn, where, burned and black, reposes
Fair Spring, who, as a youth, was doomed to perish!

Yet see! new violets nod, and roses yonder,
Vines, palms, and plane-trees, Nature's fresh plantations,
Blooming outside, look down in silent wonder,
As we on graves of long-gone generations!

And see, still other guests my entrance follow!
As I in rooms whence thou hast long departed,
So makes herself at home the twittering swallow
In nests a thousand years ago deserted!

Round the rose-churchyard see, in these calm hours,
Like a lost ghost, a venturous goldfinch hover!
Hears he the spirits of the garden flowers?
Dreams he of sires that here flew, warbling, over?

But well I know, the ring of being, keeping
One vast and shining track of glory, marches,
Through star and tree and rose and sun-ball sweeping,
Through man and angel, as aloft it arches!

Creation's song, harmoniously sounded
By all, — not one can, by himself, repeat it!
What by my stammering lips is never rounded,
Rose, star, and tree, they must for me complete it!

'T will be but part of me the grave encloses,
A part of me shall still live on and flourish;
'T is part of me, that breathes in scent of roses,
And flames in suns, and vine and palm doth nourish!

Ay, 't is a part of me, down hillsides leaping
In fountains, winds along through earth's green places,
As butterfly, on bright-hued wings, is sweeping,
And with the swallow dawning summer traces!

So shall my "Salve!" greet each generation,
As, o'er their roses, vines, and fountains sweeping,
Borne on the wind's wild wings, with exultation,
My restless dust shall fly abroad unsleeping!

Count A. A. von Auersperg. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

POMPEII.

HOW fair the scene! the sunny smiles of day
Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay;
Far, far along mild Sarno's glancing stream
The fruits and flowers of golden summer beam,

And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom
That shrouds yon silent City of the Tomb!
Yes, sad Pompeii! Time's deep shadows fall
On every ruined arch and broken wall;
But Nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,
And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.
Around, above, in blended beauty shine
The graceful poplar and the clasping vine;
Still the young violet, in her chalice blue,
Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew;
Still the green laurel springs to life the while,
Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile;
And o'er thy fallen beauties beams on high
The glory of the heavens, — Italia's sky!

* * *

Lovely in ruin, graceful in decay,
The silent city rears her walls of gray:
The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,
As if to hide the wreck that time had made;
The shattered column on the lonely ground
Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crowned;
And where her Parian rival moulders near,
The drooping lily pours her softest tear!
How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam
Amid the ruined wall, the tottering dome!
The path just worn by human feet is here;
Their echoes almost reach the listening ear:
The marble halls with rich mosaic drest;
The portal wide that wooes the lingering guest:
Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crowned,
From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,

The unfinished painting, and the pallet nigh,
Whose added hues must fairer charms supply; —
These mingle here, until the unconscious feet
Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet;
And cheated Fancy, in her dreamy mood,
Will half forget that it is solitude!

Yes, all is solitude! fear not to tread,
Through gates unwatched, the City of the Dead,
Explore with pausing step the unpeopled path,
View the proud hall, survey the stately bath,
Where swelling roofs their noblest shelter raise;
Enter! no voice shall check the intruder's gaze!
See! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,
The signs of martial life are scattered near.
Yon helm, unclasped to ease some warrior's brow,
The sword his weary arm resigned but now,
The unfinished sentence traced along the wall,
Broke by the hoarse Centurion's startling call:
Hark! did their sounding tramp re-echo round?
Or breathed the hollow gale that fancied sound?
Behold! where mid yon fane, so long divine,
Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine!
Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe,
Or twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath?
None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain
The milk-white monarch of the herd again?
All, all is mute! save sadly answering nigh
The night-bird's shriek, the shrill cicada's cry.
Yet may you trace along the furrowed street
The chariot's track, the print of frequent feet;
The gate unclosed, as if by recent hand;

The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand;
Still on the walls the words of welcome shine,
And ready vases proffer joyous wine:
But where the hum of men? the sounds of life?
The temple's pageant, and the forum's strife?
The forms and voices such as should belong
To that bright clime, the land of love and song?
How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
These walls respond, like voices from the dead!
And sadder traces, darker scenes are there,
Tales of the tomb, and records of despair;
In death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold
The fatal burden of their cherished gold;
Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell
Beside some treasure loved in life too well;
There, faithful hearts have mouldered side by side,
And hands are clasped that death could not divide!
None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,
When death must share the consciousness of life;
When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume
The living tenants of the massive tomb;
Long could they hear, above the incumbent plain,
The music of the breeze awake again,
The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,
And murmuring streams, that they should see no more!
Away! dread scene! and o'er the harrowing view
Let night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue!

* * *

Robert Stephen Hawker.

POMPEII.

KNOW'ST thou yon stream, its veiny current threading
Between the willow banks it loves, that makes
Its low voice heard by thee as thou art treading
That green bank thoughtfully; the aspen shakes
Its boughs above, the deep sky gives and takes
Its azure from it, and that river keeps
Its name, while states have vanished as the flakes
Of snow, sun-melted: Sarno to the deeps
Rolls on, its waves no more the painted trireme sweeps.

A rising mound shuts out the path, the wind
Waves the wild fig-trees o'er its flower-crowned crest:
Enter, a world is opened from behind,
The dead are disinterred from Nature's breast,
The buried raised from their sepulchral rest;
Living Pompeii again behold!
The vision in material life confessed;
Time hath the archives of the past unrolled,
Their household gods unveiled, and life domestic told.

The City of the Dead to light restored,
And resurrection, day again began,
The law of fate suspended to record
The greatness and the nothingness of man:
Decay arrested and oblivion's ban
From wrecks that rise on life's cold shore alone:
Here, moralist! thou seest thy bounded span:

Truth stands embodied, and with audible tone
Points to the house, thy tomb, the dust that is thine own.

Lo, the Pompeian Forum! haunt of rest,
And recreation when the twilight sky
Hued with its beauty the delighted west:
When the sea's rising breath refreshingly
Gladdened each heart, and soothed each wearied eye
Oppressed and fevered with the heats of day:
Moments when life was felt, when the light sigh
Was pleasure, impulses that all obey,
As Nature o'er the heart asserts her healthful sway.

* * *

The Street of Tombs! the dwelling-places rent
Of those who felt not fires that o'er them swept,
Engulfed within a living monument;
But in those hollow niches where they slept,
Yea, in their urns the fiery vapor crept,
The mountain's ashes and the human dust
Together heaped: the dead no longer kept
Their couches, forth by earth convulsive thrust
From that last home where love the loved ones still intrust.

The house of Diomed, the pleasant place
Of the refined patrician, where the hand
Of luxury ruled, and Art traced forms of grace
Which from time hidden could decay withstand;
Playthings that shall again resolve to sand,
Opened to skyey influence and air,
All that his vanity or fondness planned;

The law of nature it again doth share,
Decay, change, time, and death, too long evaded there.

* * *

The town was hushed, save where a faint shout came
From the far-distant amphitheatre,
Air glowed as from a sullen furnace flame:
The trees drooped wan, no breath a leaf to stir;
Each house was noiseless as a sepulchre,
And the all-sickly weight by nature shown
Pressed heaviest on human hearts; they were
All silent, each foreboding dared not own
Fears, the advancing shadows of an ill unknown.

Behold the Mountain! words withheld while spoken,
In vision centering the astounded mind:
The mists that erewhile swathed his front are broken,
Hurled upward as by some imprisoned wind
Earth could no more within her caverns bind;
Lo, scroll-like forth in scattered wreathings driven
From his cleft brow, gray clouds that disentwined
From their black trunk shot forth like branches riven,
Opening their pine-like shape in the profound of heaven!

Statues of fear, mute, motionless they stood:
The mountain that had slept a thousand years
Wakes from his slumber! lo, yon sable flood
Of eddying cloud its giant shape uprears:
They gaze, yet fly not, who had linked with fears
Vesuvius robed in ever green attire?
But lo, each moment wilder, fiercer nears
The unfolding canopy, its skirts respire
Lightnings around, away, yon lurid mass is fire!

John Edmund Reade.

POMPEII.

THE silence there was what most haunted me.
Long speechless streets, whose stepping-stones invite
Feet which shall never come; to left and right
Gay colonnades and courts, — beyond the glee,
Heartless, of that forgetful Pagan sea;
On roofless homes and waiting streets the light
Lies with a pathos sorrowfuller than night.
Fancy forbids this doom of Life with Death
Wedded, and with her wand restores the Life.
The jostling throngs swarm, animate, beneath
The open shops, and all the tropic strife
Of voices, Roman, Greek, Barbarian, mix. The wreath
Indolent hangs on far Vesuvius' crest;
And over all the glowing town and guiltless sea, sweet rest.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

POMPEII.

BRIGHT was the sky and blue the sea, when I
On the paved causeway of Pompeii stood,
Perplexed at my amazing solitude:
The silent forum, open to the sky,
The empty barracks of the soldiery,
The stone mills fixed to grind the daily food,
The houses of the rich and poorer brood,
Bath, temple, theatre, I sauntered by.
Surely, methought, the folk hath left its home
But for excursion or high holiday;

And soon shall I behold them swarming back,
Like busy bees that buzz about their comb,
Or those gregarious birds whose aery track
Instinctive, nestward, points their evening way.

John Bruce Norton.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT POMPEII.

"A FÊTE was given at Pompeii in honor of Scott. All the guests took some character from the Waverley novels. The deserted city echoed with music; lamps flung their light over walls so long unconscious of festivity. The city of the dead suited well the festival of the dying. Sir Walter was present, but unconscious; he sat wan, exhausted, and motionless, — 'the centre of the glittering ring' formed by his own genius."

I SEE the ancient master pale and worn,
Though on him shines the lovely southern heaven,
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The dying by the dead: for his great sake
They have laid bare the city of the lost;
His own creations fill the silent streets;
The Roman pavement rings with golden spurs,
The Highland plaid shades dark Italian eyes,
And the young king himself is Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits, — majestic, wan,
Himself a mighty vision of the past;
The glorious mind has bowed beneath its toil;
He does not hear his name on foreign lips
That thank him for a thousand happy hours;
He does not see the glittering groups that press
In wonder and in homage to his side;
Death is beside his triumph.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

POMPEII.

I TROD old footprints in their streets, their halls,—
The people of Pompeii! and I heard—
As, along pillared vistas, light winds stirred
The natural-leaved Corinthian capitals—
Rustlings, like wide-waved skirts, and plaintive calls
And answers, as though gods were disinterred
With these, their antique altars, sepulchred
Long as the Cæsars. How came perfect walls
Of fresco thus unroofed? As falls the foot
On rich mosaic, in domestic courts,
The marble echo with vain reason sports;
The Lares all too vivid to be mute!
Plash on, O fount,—they told me thou wast dried!
Was thine that lyre, Ione?—Glaucus calls his bride!

William Gibson.

Pontine Marshes.

NYMPHA,

A CITY NOW IN RUINS.

IN the far south lies Nympha, a city long since dead;
Now overgrown with ivy, the inhabitants all fled,
She lies, half sunk, half buried, in her green cloak at rest,
And harmless 'mong the ruins now stalks the Pontine pest.

Her sisters could Pompeii and Herculaneum be,
Yet the evergreen-clad Nympha is the fairest of the three;
O'er those towns mighty Vulcan hurled ash-heaps in his spleen,
But Nympha lies protected by the rich ivy green.

Her walls and streets and churches are ruins, yet they show
She once did boast a grandeur, — how many years ago?
O, is there no one living can of that glory tell?
Or is it left the ivy to creep and ring her knell?

The flowers in the churchyard inquisitively peep
Out from between the ivy, that over all doth creep;
At each old crumbling casement appears its dark-green face,
It climbs round every gateway, and doth each portal grace.

A carpet of rich blossoms is o'er the chancel spread,
And through the aisles, while ivy forms arches overhead,
The birds and bats and insects, where monks long, long ago
Their litanies were chanting, are flitting to and fro.

And on the walls — *al fresco* — can paintings still be traced;
They too have frames of ivy, Nature hath Art displaced,
And for the ancient martyrs hath she woven crowns anew,
The instruments of torture gently she hides from view.

And in the streets and alleys there many a rich flower blows,
The lily and sweet mallow, narcissus and moss rose,
But all around is silent, save the babbling of the brook,
And the hooting of the night-birds that haunt each tower nook.

'T is said 't was once the dwelling of nymphs, and hence its name;
They all have long since vanished, and those who knew her fame.
Still do I love to linger, to contemplate that pile;
Though Science would be searching, ruins the Muse beguile.

For Poesie hath a fondness to leave things as they are,
But Science must be lifting the veil to show each scar.
"I care not for thy grandeur, I love thee as thou art,
Thou Ivy City Nympha, — the Ruin of my heart!"

George Browning.

Posilipo.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

WE seek, as twilight saddens into gloom,
A poet's sepulchre; and here it is, —
The summit of a tufa precipice.
Ah! precious every drape of myrtle bloom

And leaf of laurel crowning Virgil's tomb!
The low vault entering, hark! what sound is this?
The night is black beneath us in the abyss,
Through one damp port disclosed, as from earth's womb,
That rumbling sound appalls us! Through the steep
Is hewn Posilipo's most marvellous grot;
And to the prince of Roman bards, whose sleep
Is in this singular and lonely spot,
Doth a wild rumor give a wizard's name,
Linking a tunnelled road to Maro's fame!

William Gibson.

Pozzuoli.

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT POZZUOLI.

THE strife, the gushing blood, the mortal throe,
With scenic horrors filled that belt below,
And where the polished seats were round it raised,
Worse spectacle! the pleased spectators gazed.
Such were the pastimes of times past! O shame!
O infamy! that men who drew the breath
Of freedom, and who shared the Roman name,
Should so corrupt their sports with pain and death.

The pastimes of times past? And what are thine,
Thou with thy gun or greyhound, rod and line?
Pain, terror, mortal agonies, that scare
Thy heart in man, to brutes thou wilt not spare.

Are theirs less sad and real? Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan.
In brutes 't is purely piteous. God's command,
Submitting his mute creatures to our hand
For life and death, thou shalt not dare to plead;
He bade thee kill them not for sport, but need.
Then backward if thou cast reproachful looks
On sports bedarkening custom erst allowed,
Expect from coming ages like rebukes
When day shall dawn on peacefuller woods and brooks,
And clear from vales thou troublest custom's cloud.

Henry Taylor.

Radicofani.

RADICOFANI.

THIS is a barren, desolate scene,
Grim and gray, with scarce a tree,
Gashed with many a wild ravine
Far away as the eye can see;
Ne'er a home for miles to be found,
Save where huddled on some grim peak
A village clinging in fear looks round
Over the country vast and bleak,
As if it had fled from the lower ground,
Refuge from horrors there to seek.

Over the spare and furzy soil
With never a waving grain-field sowed,

Raggedly winds with weary toil
The shining band of dusty road, —
Down through the river's rocky bed,
That is white and dry with summer's drought,
Or climbing some sandy hillock's head,
Over and under, in and out,
Like a struggling thing by madness led,
That wanders along in fear and doubt.

What are those spots on yon sandy slope
Where the green is frayed and tattered with gray?
Are they only rocks, or sheep that crop
The meagre pasture? one scarce can say.
This seems not a place for flowers, — but behold!
How the lupine spreads its pink around,
And the clustered ginestra squanders its gold
As if it loved this barren ground;
And surely that bird is over-bold
That dares to sing o'er that grave-like mound.

It is dead and still in the middle noon;
The sand-beds shine with a blinding light,
The cicali dizzen the air with their tune,
And the sunshine seems like a curse to smite;
The mountains around their shoulders bare,
Gather a thin and shadowy veil,
And shrink from the fierce and scorching glare,
And close to the grass so withered and pale
Hovering quivers the glassy air,
And the lizards pant in their emerald mail.

Think of this place in the dreary gloom
Of an autumn twilight, when the sun
Hiding in banks of clouds goes down,
And silence and shadow are coming on;
White mists crawl, — one lurid light
Glares from the west through a broken cloud, —
Rack hurries above, — the dubious night
Is creeping along with its spectral crowd;
Would it, I ask, be a startling sight
To meet a ghost here than in a shroud?

One of the thousand murdered men
Who have stained the blasted soil with blood?
Does the lupine get its color then
From some victim pashed to death in the mud?
Has the yellow ginestra the hue of the gold
From the traveller here in terror torn?
Was yon bird but a sprite, singing so bold,
That in life a maiden's form had worn,
And at night steals back in its shape of old
To haunt the darkness pale and forlorn?

Look at that castle whose ruins crown
The rocky crest of yonder height,
Still frowning over the squalid town,
That cowers beneath as if in affright.
From his eyry there to glut his beak
The robber swooped to his shuddering prey,
And the ghosts of the past still haunt the peak
Though robber and baron have passed away.

And, hark! was that the owl's long shriek,
Or a ghost's that flits through the ruins gray?

'T is blood and gold wherever I gaze,
And tangled brambles, stiff and gray, —
A scowling, ugly, terrified place,
A spot for murder and deadly fray.
On such a barren, desolate heath,
When shadows were deepening all around,
The sisters weird before Macbeth
Rising, hovered along the ground,
And echoed his inward thought of death,
And vanished again behind a mound.

William Wetmore Story.

Ravenna.

DANTE.

DANTE am I, — Minerva's son, who knew
With skill and genius (though in style obscure)
And elegance maternal to mature
My toil, a miracle to mortal view.
Through realms tartarean and celestial flew
My lofty fancy, swift-winged and secure;
And ever shall my noble work endure,
Fit to be read of men, and angels too.

Florence my earthly mother's glorious name;
Step-dame to me, — whom from her side she thrust,
Her duteous son: bear slanderous tongues the blame;
Ravenna housed my exile, holds my dust;
My spirit is with Him from whom it came, —
A Parent envy cannot make unjust.

Giovanni Boccaccio. Tr. Francis C. Gray.

RAVENNA.

SWEET hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Where the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along:
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's eye.

Lord Byron.

DE FOIX'S MONUMENT AND DANTE'S TOMB.

I CANTER by the spot each afternoon
Where perished in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar not uncouthly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid;
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column.
The time must come when both, alike decayed,
The chieftain's trophy and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death or Homer's birth.

Lord Byron.

RAVENNA.

'TIS morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay:
For a warm eve and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,
Dazzles the bride-maids, looking from the towers:

Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,
Glitter with drops; and heaven is sapphire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,
And odors from the citrons come and go,
And all the landscape — earth and sky and sea —
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'T is nature, full of spirits, waked and loved.
E'en sloth, to-day, goes quick and unreproved;
For where 's the living soul — priest, minstrel, clown,
Merchant, or lord — that speeds not to the town?
Hence happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light, —
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

Leigh Hunt.

THE PINE FOREST OF RAVENNA.

A HEAVY spot the forest looks at first,
To one grim shade condemned, and sandy thirst,
Checkered with thorns, and thistles run to seed,
Or plashy pools half covered with green weed,
About whose sides the swarming insects fry
In the hot sun, a noisome company;
But, entering more and more, they quit the sand
At once, and strike upon a grassy land,
From which the trees as from a carpet rise
In knolls and clumps, in rich varieties.

The knights are for a moment forced to rein
Their horses in, which, feeling turf again,
Thrill, and curvet, and long to be at large
To scour the space, and give the winds a charge,
Or, pulling tight the bridles as they pass,
Dip their warm mouths into the freshening grass:
But soon in easy rank, from glade to glade,
Proceed they, coasting underneath the shade;
Some baring to the cool their placid brows,
Some looking upward through the glimmering boughs,
Or peering into spots that inwardly
Open green glooms, and half prepared to see
The lady cross it, that, as stories tell,
Ran loud and torn before a knight of hell.
Various the trees and passing foliage here, —
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
With briony between in trails of white,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark;
And still the pine, flat-topped and dark and tall,
In lordly right predominant o'er all.
Anon the sweet birds, like a sudden throng
Of happy children, ring their tangled song
From out the greener trees; and then a cloud
Of cawing rooks breaks o'er them, gathering loud
Like savages at ships; and then again
Nothing is heard but their own stately train,
Or ring-dove that repeats his pensive plea,
Or startled gull up-screaming toward the sea.

Leigh Hunt.

THE DAUGHTER OF DANTE.

THOU, Beatrice, hast found an earlier rest
Than did thy father (holy as thyself)
In this Ravenna. May we hope that he
Shall view from heaven his countrymen at last
Loose from Teutonic and from Gallic chains,
And other more disgraceful forged at Rome.

Walter Savage Landor.

RAVENNA.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renowned, Ravenna stands,
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.

John Dryden.

RAVENNA.

SILENT Ravenna! through thy desolate streets
Flits the dim shadow of departed power,
Felt on the heart which thy great tale repeats;
Thou that didst prop Rome's empire for an hour,
Shade of a shadow! yet is thine the dower
That with a ray of light hath thee arrayed,
Thou hold'st the dust of Dante; in that tower
His bones by Florence begged in vain are laid:
His passionate appeal to her as vainly made.

John Edmund Reade.

BEATRICE.

'TWAS in Ravenna Dante's daughter dwelt,
Under the shadow of Saint Stephen's tower,
Poor and forlorn, her name the only dower
From him beside whose tomb she often knelt.
Florence, repenting late, compassion felt,
And thence one day a stranger came with gold,
Which to the Nun, so saintly and so cold,
He proffered smiling, while his heart did melt.
No other than Boccaccio brought the gift,
Who as a son revered and loved her sire;
And when she did her hood all meekly lift
To render grateful answer and retire,
He by the father's portrait knew the child,
And wept, as she returned her thanks and smiled.

Henry Sewell Stokes.

FROM RAVENNA TO ROME.

JOURNEY OF HONORIOUS.

THEY leave Ravenna, and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And, spreading round in one continued lake,
A spacious, hospitable harbor make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port;
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,

Driven to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives them in her ancient fane enshrined;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow;
Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty Rome,
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughtered hecatombs around them bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arrived, from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers passed,
Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome the admiring nations leads;
While stately vaults and towering piles appear,
And show the world's metropolis is near.

Claudian. Tr. Joseph Addison.

Reggio (Rhegium).

ON IBYCUS.

RHEGIUM, whose feet Trinacria's straitened sea
Laves ever, verge extreme of Italy,
Honored be thou in song for having laid
Under thy leafy elms' embowering shade

The dust of Ibycus, the bard beloved,
The bard of Love, who all its joys had proved;
Mantle his grave with ivy, — round it plant
Reeds, to send forth the shepherd's rural chant.

Uncertain. Tr. W. Hay.

REGGIO.

AND shouldst thou doubt the visible prophecies
Of Nature, in her forms embodying
Imaginative dreams, when the sun lies
On Reggio's shore, go mark its ruins fling
Their shadows on the stream, till gathering,
Embattled towers rise slowly from the deep,
Pillars and castled walls, gates opening
On serried armies, marshalled horse that leap
Along the flying plains, and charging squadrons sweep.

And cliffs cloud-capped, deep vales, white herds far seen,
And shepherds with their flocks, and mountains bare,
Looking repose: lo! in the silvery sheen
Floating above the wave, they melt to air,
Reflection but of ruins! woven there
From mist and shadow, but they finger forth
Truths that oracular Nature doth declare
To thee, fallen Italy! regenerate birth
Thus shall be thine from death, freedom and pristine worth.

John Edmund Reade.

Rimini (Ariminum).

CÆSAR AT RIMINI.

HE spoke; and on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic sling is slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches swift he reached the town,
As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone,
And Lucifer the last was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose,
Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:
Whether the stormy south prolonged the night,
Or the good gods abhorred the impious sight,
The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light.
To the mid Forum on the soldier passed,
There halted, and his victor ensigns placed:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets sound.
The starting citizens uprear their heads;
The lustier youth at once forsake their beds;
Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
Their household gods in peace had rested long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoined and barely left;
Swords with foul rust indented deep they take,
And useless spears with points inverted shake.
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles reared,
And Cæsar high above the rest appeared,

Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,
And silent thus within themselves they spoke.
O hapless city! O ill-fated walls!
Reared for a curse so near the neighboring Gauls!
By us destruction ever takes its way,
We first become each bold invader's prey;
O that by fate we rather had been placed
Upon the confines of the utmost east!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.
Better with wandering Scythians choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard these dreadful passages to Rome.
Through these the Cimbrians laid Hesperia waste;
Through these the swarthy Carthaginian passed;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian states,
War, death, and ruin enter at these gates.

Lucan. Tr. Nicholas Rowe.

RIMINI.

"THE land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,

But Cainà waits for him our life who ended":
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.
Since I first listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!"
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were:
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.

Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover.
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swooned as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls."

Dante. Tr. Lord Byron.

Rivers of Italy.

RIVERS OF ITALY.

BETWEEN the higher and inferior sea
The long-extended mountain takes his way;
Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
Washed by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;
Rich in the treasure of his watery stores,
A thousand living springs and streams he pours,
And seeks the different seas by different shores.
From his left falls Crustumium's rapid flood,
And swift Metaurus red with Punic blood;
There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins,
And Sena there the Senones confines;
Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,
And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves;
Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
Prince of the streams, directs his regal course;
Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes.
His sacred banks, in ancient tales renowned,

First by the spreading poplar's shade were crowned;
When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way,
And downward drew to earth the burning day;
When every flood and ample lake was dry,
The Po alone his channel could supply.
Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driven,
And in these waters quenched the flames of heaven.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains,
Though wide he spreads o'er Egypt's flatter plains;
Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the sea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
And heave the blended river on his way.
These from the left; while from the right there come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;
Thence slides Vulturnus' swift descending flood,
And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud;
Thence Lyris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade;
Thence Siler through Silernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.

Lucan. Tr. Nicholas Rowe.

Riviera.

RIVIERA DI PONENTE.

ON this lovely Western Shore, where no tempests rage and roar,
Over olive-bearing mountains, by the deep and violet sea,

There, through each long happy day, winding slowly on our way,
Travellers from across the ocean, toward Italia journeyed we, —
Each long day, that, richer, fairer,
Showed the charming Riviera.

There black war-ships doze at anchor, in the Bay of Villa-Franca;
Eagle-like, gray Esa, clinging to its rocky perch, looks down;
And upon the mountain dim, ruined, shattered, stern, and grim,
Turbia sees us through the ages with its austere Roman frown, —
While we climb, where cooler, rarer,
Breezes sweep the Riviera.

Down the hillside steep and stony, through the old streets of Mentone,
Quiet, half-forgotten city of a drowsy prince and time,
Through the mild Italian midnight, rolls upon the wave the moonlight,
Murmuring in our dreams the cadence of a strange Ligurian rhyme, —
Rhymes in which each heart is sharer,
Journeying on the Riviera.

When the morning air comes purer, creeping up in our vettura,
Eastward gleams a rosy tumult with the rising of the day;

Toward the north, with gradual changes, steal along
the mountain-ranges
Tender tints of warmer feeling, kissing all their peaks
of gray;
And far south the waters wear a
Smile along the Riviera.

Helmed with snow, the Alpine giants at invaders look
defiance,
Gazing over nearer summits, with a fixed, mysterious
stare,
Down along the shaded ocean, on whose edge in tremu-
lous motion
Floats an island, half transparent, woven out of sea and
air; —
For such visions, shaped of air, are
Frequent on our Riviera.

He whose mighty earthquake-tread all Europa shook
with dread,
Chief whose infancy was cradled in that old Tyrrhenic
isle,
Joins the shades of trampling legions, bringing from re-
motest regions
Gallic fire and Roman valor, Cimbric daring, Moorish
guile,
Guests from every age to share a
Portion of this Riviera.

Then the Afric brain, whose story fills the centuries with
its glory,
Moulding Gaul and Carthaginian into one all-conquer-
ing band,

With his tuskéd monsters grumbling, mid the alien
snow-drifts stumbling,
Then, an avalanche of ruin, thundering from that frozen
land
Into vales their sons declare are
Sunny as our Riviera.

* * *

Thus forever, in our musing, comes man's spirit inter-
fusing
Thought of poet and of hero with the landscape and
the sky;
And this shore, no longer lonely, lives the life of romance
only:
Gauls and Moors and Northern Sea-Kings, all are glid-
ing, ghostlike, by.
So with Nature man is sharer
Even on the Riviera.

James Freeman Clarke.

RIVIERA.

HAIL, Riviera! hail the mountain-range
That guards from northern winds and seasons'
change
Yon southern spurs, descending fast to be
The sunlit capes along the tideless sea,
Whose waters, azure as the sky above,
Reflect the glories of the scene they love!

Here every slope and intervening dale
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing gale,

From the thick woods, where dark caroubas twine
Their massive verdure with the hardier pine,
And, mid the rocks, or hid in hollowed cave,
The fern and iris in profusion wave;
From countless terraces, where olives rise,
Unchilled by autumn's blast or wintry skies,
And round the stems, within the dusky shade,
The red anemones their home have made;
From gardens, where its breath forever blows
Through myrtle thickets and their wreaths of rose.

Like the proud lords who oft, with clash of mail,
Would daunt the commerce that the trader's sail
Had sought to bring, enriching and to bless,
The lands they plagued with conflict and distress,
Till none but robber chiefs and galley slaves
Ruled the fair shores or rode the tranquil waves, —
So stand their forts upon the hills; with towers
Still frowning, sullen at the genial showers,
That, brought on white-winged clouds, have come to dower
The arid soil with recreative power.

No warrior's tread is echoed by their halls,
No warder's challenge on the silence falls.
Around, the thrifty peasants ply their toil
And pluck in orange groves the scented spoil
From trees, that have for purple mountains made
A vestment bright of green, and gold inlaid.
The women, baskets poised above their brows,
In long array beneath the citron boughs

Drive on the loaded mules with sound of bells,
That, in the distance, of their presence tells,
To springs that, hid from the pursuing day,
Love only Night; who, loving them, doth stay
In the deep waters, moss and reed o'ergrown, —
Or cold in caverns of the chilly stone, —
Sought of the steep-built towns, whose white walls gleam
High midst the woods, or close by ocean's stream.

Like flowering aloes, the fair belfries soar
O'er houses clustered on the sandy shore;
From ancient battlements the eye surveys
A hundred lofty peaks and curving bays,
From where, at morn and eve, the sun may paint
The cliffs of Corsica with colors faint;
To where the fleets of haughty Genoa plied
The trade that humbled the Venetian's pride,
And the blue wastes, where roamed the men who came
To leaguer tower and town with sword and flame.
For by that shore, the scene of soft repose
When happy Peace her benison bestows,
Have storms, more dire than Nature's, lashed the coasts,
When met the tides of fierce contending hosts;
From the far days when first Liguria's hordes
Stemmed for a while the rush of Roman swords,
Only to mark how, on their native hill,
Turbia's trophy stamped the tyrant's will;
To those bright hours that saw the Moslem reel
Back from the conflict with the Christian steel.

The Marquis of Lorne.

Rocca Priori.

A SUMMONS.

THE FIRST SNOW MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM A SUNNY HILLSIDE NEAR ROCCA PRIORI, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1846.

LOOK, love, to yonder mountain's brow;
Seest thou that beckoning hand of snow?
Stern Winter dares no further come,
But waves me towards his northern home.
The sun upon this glad earth pours
His blessing, in warm golden showers;
Down the steep path, with busy hum,
The black-eyed sturdy peasants come;
Patches of colors bright and gay
Hang o'er their cheeks of ruddy brown,
Loud laugh and jest make light their way,
From rock-perched hamlets winding down.
The jogging mule goes clattering light,
His wooden tubs to seek their freight;
While others, with their vintage load,
Strain up the steep and stony road,
And, all the sunny paths along,
Snatches of loud monotonous song
Come down from hill and up from glade,
And through the broad-leaved chestnut shade;
From vineyards where a merry band
Pile the ripe treasure of the land,
Amber and amethyst shining through

Soft purple bloom and sparkling dew.
Dark white-veined glittering ivy, wed
To wreaths of vine-leaves touched with red,
Hang from the brown brows of the rocks, —
A garland meet for Bacchus' locks.
The fields, the woods, the air, the ground,
Smell of the vintage all around,
And from the sunny earth and sea
Rises a shout of jubilee.

From this steep road look down, where grow
The chestnut forests deep below;
Behold how far beneath our feet
The huge wood billows spread and meet, —
A waving sea of noble trees,
Rolling their green crests in the breeze;
Mark the bright vale, the mountain chain,
The distant lines of that great plain,
Where Rome, eternal Empress, sits
Beneath the cloudless light, that fits
The lordliest and the loveliest scene
Time e'er shall see, Time yet hath seen!
O land of glorious memories,
O land as fair as Paradise,
O thou beloved, by whom I stand,
Straining in mine thy kindred hand,
Farewell! — on yonder mountain's brow
I see a beckoning hand of snow;
Stern Winter dares no nearer come,
But waves me towards his northern home.

Frances Anne Kemble.

Rome.

ROME.

EVANDER then, Rome's earliest founder, spoke:
"These groves were once by native Fauns and Nymphs
Inhabited, and men who took their birth
From tough oak-trunks. No settled mode of life
Had they, nor culture; nor knew how to yoke
Their steers, or heap up wealth, or use their stores
With frugal hands; but the rough chase supplied
Their food, or boughs of trees. Then Saturn came
From high Olympus, fleeing before Jove.
An exile from the kingdoms he had lost.
This stubborn race through mountain wilds dispersed
He brought together, and to them gave laws;
And called the region Latium, since he had lurked
In safety on its shores. Beneath his reign
The golden age, so called, was seen. In peace
He ruled his people; till by gradual steps
There came a faded and degenerate age,
And love of war succeeded, and of gain.
Then came Ausonians and Sicanians;
And oft the name Saturnia was changed.
Then kings succeeded, and the form immense
Of rugged Thybris, from whom came the name
Tiber; while that of Albula was lost.
Me, from my country driven to lands remote,
Chance and inevitable fate have placed

Upon these shores; the nymph Carmentis too,
My mother, urging me with warnings dread,
And great Apollo who first prompted me."

Then moving onward, he an altar shows,
And gate, which now the name Carmental bears
In Rome; an old revered memorial
Of the prophetic nymph who first foretold
The future heroes of Æneas' line,
And noble Pallanteum; next, the grove
Points out, which Romulus the Asylum named;
Then the Lupercal cool beneath the rocks,
Named after Pan, by old Arcadian wont;
And Argiletum's grove he shows, and tells
Of Argus' death, his guest; and calls the spot
To witness, he was guiltless of the deed.
Then on to the Tarpeian rock he leads
The way, and to the Capitol, now decked
With gold, then rough with bushes wild.
E'en then the dark religion of the place
Haunted the timorous peasants with vague fears.
"Within this grove, upon this wooded hill,"
He said, "some deity his dwelling made;
But who or what, none knows. The Arcadians
Think they have seen great Jove himself, when oft
With his right hand he shook his darkening shield,
And called his clouds around him. Yon two towns
With ruined walls thou seest, the relics old
And monuments of ancient days: this one
Was reared by Janus, that by Saturn built;
Saturnia and Janiculum their names."

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

ROME.

O ROME! if slaughter be thy only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war,
Turn from thyself, at least, the destined wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword.
But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornish rise.
Here, gaping wide, half-ruined walls remain;
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain.
The landskip once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,
Displays a wild, uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace:
No human footstep prints the untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.
Even in her cities famous once and great,
Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings blow;
While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' sword nor Cannæ's fatal field

Such universal desolation yield:
Her impious sons have her worst foes surpassed,
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.

Lucan. Tr. Nicholas Rowe.

THE ROMAN STANDARD.

BEHOLD how great a power has made it worthy
Of reverence, beginning from the hour
When Pallas died to give it sovereignty.
Thou knowest it made in Alba its abode
Three hundred years and upward, till at last
The three to three fought for it yet again.
Thou knowest what it achieved from Sabine wrong
Down to Lucretia's sorrow, in seven kings
O'ercoming round about the neighboring nations;
Thou knowest what it achieved, borne by the Romans
Illustrious against Brennus, against Pyrrhus,
Against the other princes and confederates.
Torquatus thence and Quinctius, who from locks
Unkempt was named, Decii and Fabii,
Received the fame I willingly embalm;
It struck to earth the pride of the Arabians,
Who, following Hannibal, had passed across
The Alpine ridges, Po, from which thou glidest;
Beneath it triumphed while they yet were young
Pompey and Scipio, and to the hill
Beneath which thou wast born it bitter seemed;
Then, near unto the time when heaven had willed
To bring the whole world to its mood serene,
Did Cæsar by the will of Rome assume it.

What it achieved from Var unto the Rhine,
Isère beheld and Saône, beheld the Seine,
And every valley whence the Rhone is filled;
What it achieved when it had left Ravenna,
And leaped the Rubicon, was such a flight
That neither tongue nor pen could follow it.
Round toward Spain it wheeled its legions; then
Towards Durazzo, and Pharsalia smote
That to the calid Nile was felt the pain.
Antandros and the Simois, whence it started,
It saw again, and there where Hector lies,
And ill for Ptolemy then roused itself.
From thence it came like lightning upon Juba;
Then wheeled itself again into your West,
Where the Pompeian clarion it heard.
From what it wrought with the next standard-bearer
Brutus and Cassius howl in Hell together,
And Modena and Perugia dolent were;
Still doth the mournful Cleopatra weep
Because thereof, who, fleeing from before it,
Took from the adder sudden and black death.
With him it ran even to the Red Sea shore;
With him it placed the world in so great peace,
That unto Janus was his temple closed.
But what the standard that has made me speak
Achieved before, and after should achieve
Throughout the mortal realm that lies beneath it,
Becometh in appearance mean and dim,
If in the hand of the third Cæsar seen
With eye unclouded and affection pure,
Because the living Justice that inspires me

Granted it, in the hand of him I speak of,
The glory of doing vengeance for its wrath.
Now here attend to what I answer thee;
Later it ran with Titus to do vengeance
Upon the vengeance of the ancient sin.
And when the tooth of Lombardy had bitten
The Holy Church, then underneath its wings
Did Charlemagne victorious succor her.

Dante Alighieri. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

ROME.

HE brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea; and, on the north,
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills,
That screened the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens, and groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interposed:
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire,)
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke: —

"The city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations: there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have disposed
My aery microscope,) thou mayst behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian: some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotick isle; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,

And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer
Before the Parthian."

John Milton.

ROME.

IMMORTAL glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts displayed,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,

And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes and gods and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I 'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravished soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

* * *

Joseph Addison.

ROME.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,

Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drained a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Alexander Pope.

ORIGIN OF ROME.

SEE'ST thou yon fane? even now incessant Time
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'T was there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
The astonished swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turned her stretched neck, and formed your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, even the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of the Ausonian state,
Wrapped in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,

Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

John Dyer.

ROME.

YE hills superb, ye ruins which retain
Of Rome the name august, and but the name,
What relics of the height of human fame,
What traces of exalted souls remain!
Those statues, arches, theatres; — in vain
Those works divine, that splendor which became
The Queen of cities. Time, — devouring flame
Have sunk in dust! Pomp, joy, long and triumphal reign,
A theme of vulgar scorn! — If works like these
Can for some space with Time the conflict dare,
Slowly the victor marches, sure to seize. —
Content my own distress shall I not bear?
Since all on earth must yield to Time's decrees,
Time will relieve my anguish, end my care.

Baldassar Castiglione. Tr. Capel Lofft.

TO ROME.

THOU noble nurse of many a warlike chief,
Who in more brilliant times the world subdued;
Of old, the shrines of gods in beauty stood
Within thy walls, where now are shame and grief:
I hear thy broken voice demand relief,
And sadly o'er thy faded fame I brood, —
Thy pomps no more, thy temples fallen and rude,
Thine empire shrunk within a petty fief.
Slave as thou art, if such thy majesty
Of bearing seems, thy name so holy now,
That even thy scattered fragments I adore, —
How did they feel who saw thee throned on high
In pristine splendor, while thy glorious brow
The golden diadem of nations bore?

Giovanni Guidiccioni. Tr. Anon.

TO ROME.

UNHEALTHY land! that call'st thyself a state;
Void, desolate! Plains barren and untilled!
Mute spectres of a race; whose looks are filled
With guilt, base fears, fierce and ensanguined hate!
A Senate, nor to act nor to debate,
Vile paltry craft in splendid purple veiled!
Patricians of a folly less concealed
Than their vain wealth! a Prince, imagined great;
By superstition hallowed! City proud

Who hast no citizens! Temples august,
Without religion! Laws corrupt, unjust,
From age to age proceeding still to worse.
Keys (as thou saidst) to which Heaven's portals bowed
For impious men — Ah, Rome, the seat of every curse.

Alfieri. Tr. Capel Lofft.

ROME BURIED IN HER OWN RUINS.

AMIDST these scenes, O pilgrim! seek'st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search, — the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken mourns where once it towered sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium than by Time.
Tiber alone survives, — the passing wave
That bathed her towers now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is passed,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last;
Naught but the wave — a fugitive — remains.

Francisco de Quevedo. Tr. Felicia Hemans.

ROME.

O ROME! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day, —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
O Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride:
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt, and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear, —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay
And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

Lord Byron.

THE SIEGE OF ROME.

'TIS the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy;
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
O ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armor's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier;
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locust's crew.
Shade of Remus! 't is a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:
Must its lot be like to thine?

Near — and near — nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,

First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder, —
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not, — strike! for Rome is mourning!

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations;
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. O glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou Eternal City!
Rouse thee! Rather give the porch
With thy own hand to thy torch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
Ilion's children find no Hector;

Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Roma's sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When he first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourned thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire and smoke and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes;
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! Although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home;
But thy hearths, alas, O Rome!
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!
Though the son who slew his mother
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'T was the Roman curbed the Roman;
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise, for yours are holier charters.
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian, — strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even nature's self abhorrent,
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

Lord Byron.

ROME.

YE shall be taught by ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, loftier than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar

A dome, its image, while the base expands
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair,
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or hues of hell be by his pencil poured
Over the damned before the judgment throne,
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

I SAW the ages backward rolled,
The scenes long past restore;
Scenes that Evander bade his guest behold,
When first the Trojan stept on Tiber's shore, —
The shepherds in the forum pen their fold;
And the wild herdsman, on his untamed steed,
Goads with prone spear the heifer's foaming speed,
Where Rome, in second infancy, once more

Sleeps in her cradle. But in that drear waste,
In that rude desert, when the wild goat sprung
From cliff to cliff, and the Tarpeian rock
Lowered o'er the untended flock,
And eagles on its crest their aerie hung;
And when fierce gales bowed the high pines, when blazed
The lightning, and the savage in the storm
Some unknown godhead heard, and, awe-struck, gazed
On Jove's imagined form;
And in that desert, when swoln Tiber's wave
Went forth the twins to save,
Their reedy cradle floating on his flood;
While yet the infants on the she-wolf clung,
While yet they fearless played her brow beneath,
And mingled with their food
The spirit of her blood,
As o'er them seen to breathe
With fond reverted neck she hung,
And licked in turn each babe, and formed with fostering tongue;
And when the founder of imperial Rome
Fixed on the robber hill, from earth aloof,
His predatory home,
And hung in triumph round his straw-thatched roof
The wolf-skin, and huge boar-tusks, and the pride
Of branching antlers wide,
And towered in giant strength, and sent afar
His voice, that on the mountain echoes rolled,
Stern preluding the war;
And when the shepherds left their peaceful fold,
And from the wild wood lair, and rocky den,

Round their bold chieftain rushed strange forms of barbarous men, —
Then might be seen by the presageful eye
The vision of a rising realm unfold,
And temples roofed with gold.
And in the gloom of that remorseless time,
When Rome the Sabine seized, might be foreseen,
In the first triumph of successful crime,
The shadowy arm of one of giant birth
Forging a chain for earth;
And though slow ages rolled their course between,
The form as of a Cæsar, when he led
His war-worn legions on,
Troubling the pastoral stream of peaceful Rubicon.
Such might o'er clay-built Rome have been foretold
By word of human wisdom. But — what word
Save from thy lip, Jehovah's prophet! heard,
When Rome was marble, and her temples gold,
And the globe Cæsar's footstool, who, when Rome
Viewed the incommunicable name divine
Link a Faustina to an Antonine
On their polluted temple, — who but thou,
The prophet of the Lord! what word, save thine,
Rome's utter desolation had denounced?
Yet, ere that destined time,
The love-lute and the viol, song and mirth,
Ring from her palace roofs. Hear'st thou not yet,
Metropolis of earth!
A voice borne back on every passing wind,
Wherever man has birth, —
One voice, as from the lip of human kind,

The echo of thy fame? Flow they not yet,
As flowed of yore, down each successive age
The chosen of the world, on pilgrimage,
To commune with thy wrecks, and works sublime,
Where genius dwells enthroned?

* * *

Rome! thou art doomed to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man's, are numbered; numbered all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.
Though pride yet haunt thy palaces; though art
Thy sculptured marbles animate;
Though thousands and ten thousands throng thy gate;
Though kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
Yet traffic, and thy throned priest adore,
Thy second reign shall pass, — pass like thy reign of yore.

William Sotheby.

ROME.

I AM in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,

The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by the river-side?)
Grew into everything; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But ever hand to hand and foot to foot,
Through nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in Rome! the city, where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And through her streets silent and desolate
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell, — but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.

Samuel Rogers.

ROME.

"IF ever I in Rome should dwell, —
Rome, the desired of all my heart, —
Amidst that world loved long and well,
The infinite world of ancient art;

"And there, by graves so dear to fame,
A dreaming poet, cast my lot;
What voice within would whisper shame,
Were England and her needs forgot!"

So to myself, with museful mouth,
I said long since, the while I paced,
With heart that trembled towards the south,
Through London's coiled and stony waste.

How doubly dreary seemed the smoke,
The sunless noon, the starless even,
When o'er my dream a vision broke, —
Italy! or the courts of Heaven!

Now, walking on this Pincian Hill,
And watching where the day declines
(Gilding the Cross of Peter still)
By Monte Mario's fringe of pines,

Almost, I think, the heart might grow
Forgetful of its earlier ties,
And all its life-blood learn to flow
Familiar with Italian skies.

Not with the love of brain or soul,
But with that fiery strength we use
In leaning towards the strong control
Of what we must, not what we choose.

As mother for child, as wife for spouse,
As one long exiled yearns for home,

As sinner for the Heavenly House,
So yearned, so loved I thee, O Rome!

Now I have seen thee, — seen the plains,
The desolate plains where thou dost lie;
Where many a rock-built tomb complains
Of some great name or race gone by,

And past the walls that round thee sweep
Have daily ridden, — walls sublime!
Which girdle in thy power, and keep
Inviolate from the hands of Time.

Just touched and softened by decay,
Each gate some glorious year recalls;
Kings! Consuls! Emperors! Saints! were they
Who mile by mile linked walls to walls.

All ancient cities, though great they be
(And London counts by tens of tens),
Seem pygmy towns compared to thee;
While Lincoln, throned amidst her fens,

And York upon her meadow-side
(A thousand milestones on her road),
Are footprints, just to show the stride
With which the giant Cæsar strode!

Yet here, where Cæsar lies in state,
Amidst the cypress and the rose,
A lovelier mountain mourns his fate,
A nobler river swiftlier flows.

O starlit streets of ancient Rome,
  Baptized in blood of Christian men!
Happy the hearts that call ye home,
  And feet that toward ye turn again!

I oft in dreams shall seem to see
  Hills where the olive and the vine
Fall rippling down to meet the sea;
  Or underneath the branching pine

Shall watch the storm-clouds sweeping by,
  Down from the Alban Mount in swirls,
And, blackening all the vaulted sky,
  Rush tangling through our sculptor's curls.

Ah! not too distant fall that day
  When I, a pilgrim far from home,
Shall hear upon the Aurelian Way,
  "*Allons, postillon, vite! à Rome.*"

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

ROME.

'TIS sunset on the Palatine. A flood
  Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,
And o'er the rough and serrate Apennines
Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists
Rise faintly o'er the gray and ivied tombs
Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals
Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold

Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust.
Was that thy camp, old Romulus? where creeps
The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes
And mouldering columns?
Lo! thy clay-built huts,
And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,
Up from the sea of buried ages rise,
Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee stand,
Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human herd
Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant
Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a might
And majesty, by thy untutored soul
Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams
The truant boy, who to the teeming earth
Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,
Which, springing from that noteless germ, shall rear
Its banner to the skies, when he must sleep
A noteless atom.
Hark! the owlet's cry
That, like a muttering sibyl, makes her cell
Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering bats
And gliding lizards. Would she tell to man,
In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,
The end of earthly glory?
See how meek
And unpretending, mid the ruined pride
Of Caracalla's circus, yon white flock
Do find their sweet repast. The playful lamb,
Fast by its mother's side, doth roam at peace.
How little dream they of the hideous roar
Of the Numidian lion, or the rage

Of the fierce tiger, that in ancient times
Fought in this same arena, for the sport
Of a barbarian throng. With furious haste
No more the chariot round the stadium flies;
Nor toil the rivals in the painful race
To the far goal; nor from yon broken arch
Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to claim
The hard-earned garland. All have past away,
Save the dead ruins, and the living robe
That Nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,
High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,
And wild, exulting triumph, here have reigned,
And perished all.
'T were well could we forget
How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial Rome,
With all her fairest, brightest brows looked down
On the stern courage of the wounded wretch
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh
Or tone of tender pity were to him
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye
The distant vision of his cabin rude,
With all its echoing voices, all the rush
Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang
To which the torture of keen death was light.
A haughtier phantom stalks! What dost thou here,
Dark Caracalla, fratricide? whose step
Through the proud mazes of thy regal dome
Pursued the flying Geta; and whose hand
Mid that heaven-sanctioned shrine, a mother's breast,
Did pierce his bosom. Was it worth the price

Thus of a brother's blood, to reign alone,
Those few, short, poisoned years?
* * * Again the scene
Spreads unempurpled, unimpassioned forth;
The white lambs resting 'neath the evening shade,
While dimly curtained mid her glory, Rome
Slumbereth, as one o'erwearied.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

ROME.

THE sun had set, the city gates were passed,
Up swelled the mighty dome;
The dream of childhood had come true at last,
We were in Rome!

The fountains trembled in their light and shade,
The pale new moon was dropping down the sky,
The pillars of the stately colonnade
Seemed to be marching by.

And Rome lay all before us in its glory,
Its glory and its beautiful decay,
But, like the student in the oft-read story,
I could have turned away

To the still chamber with its half-closed shutter,
Where the beloved father lay in pain,
To sit beside him in contentment utter,
Never to part again.

Maria Lowell.

THE CITY OF MY LOVE.

SHE sits among the eternal hills,
Their crown, thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear;

Her breath is prayer, her life is love,
And worship of all lovely things;
Her children have a gracious port,
Her beggars show the blood of kings.

By old Tradition guarded close,
None doubt the grandeur she has seen;
Upon her venerable front
Is written: "I was born a queen!"

She rules the age by Beauty's power,
As once she ruled by arméd might;
The Southern sun doth treasure her
Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, "There is Rome!"

Rome of the Romans! where the gods
Of Greek Olympus long held sway;

Rome of the Christians, Peter's tomb,
The Zion of our later day.

Rome, the mailed Virgin of the world,
Defiance on her brows and breast;
Rome, to voluptuous pleasure won,
Debauched, and locked in drunken rest.

Rome, in her intellectual day,
Europe's intriguing step-dame grown;
Rome, bowed to weakness and decay,
A canting, mass-frequenting crone.

Then the unlettered man plods on,
Half chiding at the spell he feels,
The artist pauses at the gate,
And on the wondrous threshold kneels.

The sick man lifts his languid head
For those soft skies and balmy airs;
The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.

For even the grass that feeds the herds
Methinks some unknown virtue yields;
The very hinds in reverence tread
The precincts of the ancient fields.

But wrapt in gloom of night and death,
I crept to thee, dear mother Rome;
And in thy hospitable heart
Found rest and comfort, health and home,

And friendships, warm and living still,
Although their dearest joys are fled;
True sympathies that bring to life
That better self, so often dead.

For all the wonder that thou wert,
For all the dear delight thou art,
Accept a homage from my lips,
That warms again a wasted heart.

And, though it seem a childish prayer,
I 've breathed it oft, that when I die,
As thy remembrance dear in it,
That heart in thee might buried lie.

Julia Ward Howe.

ROME ENTERED.

THE loud vettura rings along the way,
White as the road with dust. The purple day
O'er Monte Mario dies from off the dome,
And, lo! the first star leads us into Rome.

O glorious city! Through the deepening shade
A thousand heroes, like the gods arrayed,
And bards, with laurel rustling on their hair,
Walk proudly, and speak grandly, till the air
Is full of solemn majesty, and night
Is half-way robbed by temples marble white.
Yon tramping steeds and yonder glittering wheel
Chariot a Cæsar, while the commonweal

Greets him with pæans, and we proudly march
On toward the Forum. The triumphal arch,
Burning with banners, and the murmuring street,
Deep strewn with roses, till the air is sweet
With floating odors. How the heralds blow
Their wild delirious trumpets, notes that go
Like swift flames soaring with the fiery tune,
Bursting from clarions blazing in the noon!
Whence come we? from what conquest? with what spoil?
Whence are these captives, bleeding as they toil
Under our load of trophies? Whips, and groans,
And blood, that shames the rose leaves on the stones
For depth of crimson! And the dew of tears
Blistering the noonday dust! O'ercome with years
And toil and grief, there drops the way-worn slave
Under the horses; and the conquering wave,
Above his carcass, pours its glorious flood
Down through the Forum in a path of blood,
Roaring with triumph! Do I wake or sleep?
Thank Heaven, 't was but a dream; a ruined heap
The house of Cæsar and of Nero lies!
And o'er the golden wall the owlet nightly cries.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

ROME.

ROME, with thine old red palaces arow,
And the great sunlight on thy highways beating,
Gay folk, and ladies at the windows sitting,—
They may be fair,—I am too sad to know!

I have climbed Trajan's column, and saw thence
The Quirinal here, and there the Vatican,
The Pope's green gardens, how the Tiber ran
Yellow under its bridges, far, far hence;

And, lifted mountain-like the pines above,
Saint Peter's awful dome, — ah me, ah me!
Saint Peter of Avignon I would see
Blossom with slender spire from out its grove!

Here were Rome's ancient ramparts, — quarried stone
Crumbling, fire-scarred, with brambles matted thick;
There, the huge Coliseum's tawny brick,
The twin arcs hand in hand. But there is one

In mine own country I saw clearer yet.
Thou art the Arles arena in my eyes,
Great ruin! And my homesick spirit cries
For one I love, nor ever can forget.

And still, as from my watch-tower I discerned,
Out in the waste Campagna, errant flocks
Of hornéd bulls tossing their fierce, black locks
As in our own Camargue, the thought returned:

Why dost thou not forget? Thou thought'st to leave
By land, by sea, some portion of thy woe;
But time is wasting, and thy life wears low,
And ever more and more thou seem'st to grieve.

Théodore Aubanel. Tr. H. W. Preston.

GHETTO DI ROMA.

WHOEVER, led by worship of the past,
Or love of beauty, even in its wane,
Wastes a sweet season of delightful sadness
In wandering mid the wilderness of Rome,
May see, — as I did, many a summer since, —
A wretched quarter of the sacred city,
Where the poor dregs of Israel's children dwell.

'T is called the Ghetto, and the pious townsman
Shuns it, unless his piety lie deep
Enough to teach him not to turn aside
From any form of human brotherhood:
Hard by the muddy Tiber's idle flow,
Beyond the shadow of the Vatican,
Yet within sound, almost, of choirs that chant
Morning and evening to a Christian organ,
Its prison-like and ragged houses rise.
A miry street leads through the unholy realm,
Where no saint's chapel, perfect in proportion,
Breaks the long ugliness with one fair front;
Nor ever open door breathes odorous fumes
Of silver censers on the passers by.
Here hymns are never heard, nor sacring bell,
Nor benediction from benignant lips,
Nor whispered aves to the cold-eyed Virgin.
The cowled procession brings no tapers here,
With crucifix and banner-bearing boys,
To take the taint out of the Hebrew air.

At either entrance of the ill-paved way
A gate as massive as the Scæan was,
And grim as that through which the Tuscan passed
On his dread journey to the fires of hell,
Swings on its hinges till the set of sun,
And then is bolted till he glare again.
Thus dawn and night to the poor captives come
Made by the barring only and unbarring
Of the spiked portals; for the blessed ray
Pierces no lattice, gilds no threshold here.
The gloomy shops a mingled steam exhale
Of withered greens, and musty grocers' ware,
And such rank offal as the meaner sort
Of curs will mumble when their Lent seems long.
Here at high noon the petty trade proceeds
By the dim tallow which the greasy counter
Receives in minted drops, — the only coin,
Save that of oaths, which is abundant here.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE DREAM.

A BUST SEEN IN THE STUDIO OF AN ARTIST AT ROME.

A SUMMER night in Rome, —
Dear Rome of Art and Song and Love the home!
An eve of rare delight, —
A murmuring, soft, immeasurable night,
A summer night in Rome!

No frigid Northern skies
Chill us from far, mocking our longing eyes
And yearning sympathies, —

Ah, no! the heaven bends kind and clasping here,
And in the ether clear
The stars seem warm and near.

This is the artist's room,
Hushed in its purple gloom, —
The dim birth-chamber of his vital thought,
Which, into marble wrought,
Asserts sublime and beautiful control,
Charming the raptured sight,
Hushing the world in wondering delight,
Touching the fainting soul,
Fettered and cramped by sin and grief and strife,
To newer, holier life.

Pulsing along the air,
A strange and sacred presence seems to fill
The studio dark and still;
Dark, saving only where
Through the broad window, with a wondrous glow
Of golden light, unhindered in its flow,
Looks in the mellow moon,
The bright Italian moon; —
Still, save the tremor light
Which the thick vines yield to the wooing night,
And the soul-soothing tune
Breathing among the distant olive-trees,
Where bland airs sing their dreamful symphonies,
Their chants of Love and June.

Behold! a vision there,
Where the slant moonlight floods the fragrant air, —

A dreaming marble face
Exquisite in its grace,
Gentle and young and fair,
Amid its luminous waves of flowing hair;
A brow with earnest meaning softly fraught
Bowed in a trance of thought,
As though, enraptured by some vision rare,
Some picture in the air,
The musing eyes see what is else unseen;
And while it lingers there,
The beautiful lips serene
Seem parting unaware
To utter softly, "Stay! thou art so fair!"

This is the Artist's Dream,
This sweet and noble face. Does it not seem
A word might break the charm, —
Might startle the dropped lids with quick alarm,
Might wake warm color in the snowy cheek
And make the dreamer speak?

Nay, breathe more softly, — hush!
Did not the rare lips move?
Pygmalion trembled when the rosy flush
Of conscious being thrilled his marble love;
I dare not stay to prove
If I am stronger. So, farewell to thee,
Most dainty dream! The artist will not see
That thou hast lost by giving unto me
A beautiful memory,
A joy forevermore!

Now close the studio door,
And leave the haunted room
To all pure spirits dear;
Leave not a footprint on the sacred floor,
Wake not the echoes in the classic gloom,
The artist's soul is here,
Where in the eloquent silence, strange and dim,
His beautiful creations wait for him.

Elizabeth Akers.

THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

THINE too those musically falling founts
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud, in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figured rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever.

John Dyer.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

THE Coliseum lifts at night
Its broken cells more proudly far
Than in the noonday's naked light,
For every rent enshrines a star:
On Cæsar's hill the royal Lar

Presides within his mansion old:
Decay and Death no longer mar
The moon's atoning mist of gold.

Still lingering near the shrines renewed,
We sadly, fondly, look our last;
Each trace concealed of spoilage rude
From old or late iconoclast,
Till, Trajan's whispering forum passed,
We hear the waters, showering bright,
Of Trevi's ancient fountain, cast
Their woven music on the night.

The Genius of the Tiber nods
Benign, above his tilted urn:
Kneel down and drink! the beckoning gods
This last libation will not spurn.
Drink, and the old enchantment learn
That hovers yet o'er Trevi's foam, —
The promise of a sure return,
Fresh footsteps in the dust of Rome!

Kneel down and drink! the golden days
Here lived and dreamed shall dawn again;
Albano's hill, through purple haze,
Again shall crown the Latin plain.
Whatever stains of Time remain,
Left by the years that intervene,
Lo! Trevi's fount shall toss its rain
To wash the pilgrim's forehead clean.

Drink, and depart! for Life is just;
She gives to Faith a master-key

To ope the gate of dreams august,
And take from joys in memory
The certainty of joys to be;
And Trevi's basins shall be bare
Ere we again shall fail to see
Their silver in the Roman air.

Bayard Taylor.

THE SCALINATA.

I.

IN Rome there is a glorious flight of stone,
Great steps, as leading to a giant's throne,
Or to a temple of Titanic gods;
This marvellous height, up which the pilgrim plods,
Breathless half-way, seems like a stairway tracked
By myriad feet of some wild cataract;
Like those where Nilus, with his flag of spray,
Leads his wild Abyssinian floods away.

Below this giant stairway, in the square,
There springs a cooling murmur in the air;
The liquid music of a tinkling rill;
A stolen naiad from the Sabine hill,
Still singing, in captivity, the lay
Learned on her native mountains far away.

In middle of this fount a marble barge
Sits, overflowing with its crystal charge;
Its light mast liquid silver in the sun;
Its viewless rowers singing every one,
Until, — so feigns the fancy, — warmly dark,

Great Egypt sails in the fantastic bark;
Melting in languors of her own heart's heat,
A tame, bright leopard cushioning her feet!
But here, with swelling heart and lordly mien,
The stately swan of Avon swims between.

Crowning the flight, a porphyry column stands
Dark as the sphinx above the desert sands;
Solemn as prophecy it points the sky,
Propounding its dim riddle to the eye;
And it has seen, with look as calm as Fate's,
On Nile and Tiber, the imperial states
Rise nobly, and fall basely; and there still
Waits for new wonders, silent on yon hill.

II.

In Rome there is a glorious flight of stone,
Terrace o'er terrace rising, like that shown
To dreaming Jacob, climbing, till on high
The last broad platform nobly gains the sky.
On this great stairway what are these I see?
Ascending and descending! They should be
Angels with spotless mantles and white wings.
But, look again: those sad, misshapen things,
They scarce seem human! Where they crawl and lay
Their tattered misery in the stranger's way,
Filling the air with simulated sighs,
Weeping for bread with unsuffused eyes.
Would they did weep, indeed! for, stung to tears
Then were there hope where now no hope appears.
But such the melting influence of the place,

That one there was, — most abject of his race;
A whining trunk, — deprived of every gift
Save his misfortune; but with this did lift
Himself to such a height of wealth and power,
That many a Roman noble at this hour
Envies his hoard, and many a sinking name
The beggar's usurous gold still keeps from shame.

Here the brown Sabines, in their gay attires,
Whose eyes still kindle with ancestral fires,
Bring down their mountain graces to the mart,
And wait for bread on the demands of Art.
Their Belisarius, with his patriarch hair,
Sits blind and hungry. A Lucretia there
Winds her light distaff. Young Endymion here
Sleeps, as in Latmos. Yonder, drawing near,
The original of many a picture moves,
And many a statue which the world approves.
There sits the mother, with her soft, brown eyes
Bent o'er the face which on her bosom lies;
Enough of mingled wonder, pride, and trust,
To call the hand of Raphael from the dust.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

PONTE SUBLICIO.

BUT, meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back;
And as they passed beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career
Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathéd
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,

Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;

For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all fol to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

CAMPO MARZIO.

BEHOLD by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleamed the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rushed emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong, grappling arms, closed heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they formed
Their ardent virtues: lo, the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honors, in the sculptures live.

John Dyer.

Rome, Hills of.

HILLS OF ROME.

SHE, whose high top above the starres did sore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;
Iove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The Giants old should once againe uprise,

Her whelm'd with hills, these Seven Hils, which be
nowe
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right: but both her feete
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

Joachim du Bellay: Tr. Edmund Spenser.

MOUNT AVENTINE.

FIRST look upon yon craggy pile, on stones
Suspended; scattered far and wide, the rocks
Are strewn; how lonely and deserted stands
That mountain-fortress; with what ruin wild
The cliffs are dragged and toppled from above!
That was the cave hewn in a vast recess
Where dwelt the terrible half-human form
Of Cacus; where no sunbeams found their way;
And ever with fresh slaughter smoked the ground.
On the proud portals fixed hung heads of men,
Pallid and ghastly in their clotted gore.
This monster's sire was Vulcan; his the flames
And smoke that issued from his mouth. His boast
Was in his mighty bulk. But time at length
Brought aid long wished, and the advent of a god.
Alcides came, the great avenger, proud
From triple Geryon's slaughter and his spoils,

And hither drove his captured bulls, which filled
The river and the vale. But Cacus, fired
With fury, left untried no stratagem
Or crime; took from their stalls four comely bulls,
And heifers four, of beauty unsurpassed;
And, lest their hoof-prints should betray the theft,
He dragged them backwards, with the tracks reversed,
And hid them in his gloomy cave. No signs
The seeker found to lead him to the place.
Meanwhile, when now Amphitryon's son prepared
To move his full-fed herd, and to depart,
The cattle, as they left, began to low,
And filled the woods and hills with their complaints.
When, from the cave, one of the cows returned
The sound; and thus, though guarded close, betrayed
The hope of Cacus.

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

THE CAPITOL: TASSO'S CORONATION.

Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, — in the glorious
Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice
of victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol the imperial streets
along,
For again a conqueror must be crowned, — a kingly
child of song:

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand, thousand laurel-boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gemlike showers.
Peace! Within his chamber
Low the mighty lies, —
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, — for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main!
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, forever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.
Yes! for him, the victor,
Sing, — but low, sing low!
A soft, sad miserere chant
For a soul about to go!

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood
of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars'
past renown, —
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for
his crown!
Shut the proud, bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined, the way is strewn, the lordly
train are met,
The streets are hung with coronals, — why stays the
minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief, —
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and
grief!
Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown, —
Way for the bier! — make way!

Felicia Hemans.

MONTE CAVALLO.

YE, too, marvellous twain, that erect on the Monte
Cavallo
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your
motionless movement,
Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil regardant
faces,

Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood, —
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas,
Are ye Christian too? to convert and redeem and renew you,
Will the brief form have sufficed, that a pope has set up on the apex
Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you, the Christian symbol?
And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious marble,
Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican chambers,
Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and Bacchus,
Ye unto whom far and near come posting the Christian pilgrims,
Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic Christian pontiff,
Are ye also baptized? are ye of the Kingdom of Heaven?
Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile Ancient and Modern!
Am I to turn me for this unto thee, great Chapel of Sixtus? *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

THE CŒLIAN HILL.

OF all the seven which Rome doth boast,
(Fair hills and nobly crowned!)
I love the Cœlian Hill the most,
And think it holy ground.

'T was here the deacon Laurence died,
And here was Gregory's cell;
The heart by honors sorely tried
Remembered it right well; —

And as his pious envoys bore
The British cross on high,
He, like a sailor turned from shore,
Looked backward with a sigh,

And though he held within his hand
The Church from east to west,
He thought of all the Christian land
This Cœlian Hill the best.

I cannot tell, I know not why,
But Rome from hence doth wear
Peculiar brightness in the sky
And beauty in the air.

A dreamy light is in the trees,
The winding walks are still,
And quietly the perfumed breeze
Creeps o'er the Cœlian Hill.

As tranquil convents faintly chime
The passing hours of prayer,
They give the only hints that time
Has marked its progress there.

The martyr's home, the saint's retreat,
Have filled the place with rest,

The centuries with silent feet
Have touched its leafy crest;

And Gregory, rising from his sleep,
Himself would scarcely know
That past of his was buried deep
A thousand years ago!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE ESQUILINE.

SUFFICE it now the Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sungilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
Here flowed his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Framed the celestial song, or social walked
With Horace and the ruler of the world;
Happy Augustus! who so well inspired
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind.

John Dyer.

THE PALATINE HILL.

THE Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds, to learn their doom:
To Delphi less the inquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater god inhabit there:
This sure the pompous mansion was designed
To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodged amidst her guardian gods appears.

Claudian. Tr. Joseph Addison.

MONTE PINCIO.

THE GOTHIC KINGS. FOUR STATUES ON THE PINCIAN HILL.

ANCIENT captives we,
Bound eternally;
With weary hands enchained,
And faces bowed and pained,
While eras dawned and waned,
We thus have watched the mightiness of Rome!

Never to be free!
Whither could we flee
To reach some blessed land
Unheld by conquering band,

Ungrasped by outstretched hand
Of an insatiate and world-possessing Rome!

Images of stone,
Mournful and alone
Amid the bright To-day,
Signs of things past away,
We symbolize the sway
Of unrelenting and resistless olden Rome!

Types of something more!
In those days of yore
Some subtly thinking Greek,
Beholding strength grow weak,
Made deathless marble speak
Of Freedom's yearning strife against enslaving Rome!

For as sculptor wrought,
Farther reaching Thought
Saw happy coming hour
When e'en earth's conquering power
No more could darkly lower,
For death the prisoners freed even of law-girt Rome!

Musing o'er the clay,
"Lo," he said, "alway,
O captives, ye shall stand
Personifying band
In emblematic land
Of bondage wider than the thraldom of great Rome!

"Types of awful Fate,
Common human state,

Whose chains of circumstance
Forbid the soul's advance
Towards fetterless expanse
Of liberty beyond our stern condition's Rome!

"Endless spirit strife,
Throughout mortal life
Of longing to be free
From entailed misery
Of unsought destiny
Controlled and crushed by an inexorable Rome!

"As the ages roll
From man's unseen soul
Shall evermore arise
The secret anguish cries
Of doubt that never dies,
Humanity's protest against ordaining Rome!

"Questioning of Death
If with end of breath
The bonds of time and place,
Of nature and of race,
Of heritage's trace,
Shall fall forever off from slaves of this earth's Rome!"

Thousands come and go
Our sad gaze below,
But few the seeing eyes
That in our captive guise.
Know hidden meaning lies
Of Fate-environed life midst universal Rome!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

Rome, Ruins of.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

I.

THOU stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last;
The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre!
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

II.

THESE heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle;
And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
Of Time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents

Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;
Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great height,
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
Her power to Peters successor betooke;
Who, shepheardlike, (as Fates the same foreseeing,)
Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

III.

O THAT I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde, with levell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

Joachim du Bellay. Tr. Edmund Spenser.

RUINS OF ROME.

O ROME, whose steps of power were necks of kings!
Europe, the earth, beneath her eagle's wings,
How, like a thing divine, she ruled the world!

Her finger lifted, thrones to dust were hurled:
High o'er her site the goddess Victory flew,
Mars waved his sword, and Fame her trumpet blew.
What is she now? — a widow with bowed head,
Her empire vanished, and her heroes dead;
Weeping she sits, a lone and dying thing,
Beneath the yew, and years no solace bring:
What is she now? — a dream of wonder past,
A tombless skeleton, dark, lone, and vast,
Whose heart of fire hath long, long ceased to burn,
Whose ribs of marble e'en to dust return.
Her shade alone, the ghost of ancient power,
Wanders in gloom o'er shrine and crumbling tower,
Points with its shadowy hand to Cæsar's hall,
Sighs beneath arches tottering to their fall,
And glides down stately Tiber's rushing waves,
That seem to wail through all their hoary caves.

Nicholas Michell.

RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches, — each
More than Olympus, for gods dwelt in them, —
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing Fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit-birds croaked forth

Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative, the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out, dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.
Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest
Sweet, pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place, rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with ivy. For Time, smit with honor
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

Sydney Dobell.

THE COLISEUM.

AND here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms, — on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday, —

All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain-stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much, — and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void, — seats crushed, walls bowed,
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin, — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air,
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;

When the light shines serene, but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot, 't is on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The world — the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

* * *

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant

His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

Lord Byron.

THE COLISEUM.

I DO remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Lord Byron.

THE COLISEUM.

ARENA of the unrewarded brave!
Whose blood flowed unavenged upon thy sand;
Hold of the despot, refuge of the slave,
Den where the assassin made his latest stand:
Altar where hermits their devotion fanned,
Red scaffold where the unshaken martyr died;
Where sped the joust, where danced the motley band;
Stage ever changing! still the pilgrim's guide
From earth's remotest shores, who here have smiled or sighed,

Pouring the thought or passion of the hour,
Great Colosseum! at thy mighty shrine:
Earth's bosom cumbered with the wrecks of power,
Shows naught beneath the sky to match with thine:
Earthquakes have heaved, storms rent, time worn each line

Of thy majestic fabric, but the eye
O'erteeming, nothing grander can combine
Than thy sublime but shattered symmetry,
Thou wonder, pride, and awe of all that pass thee by.

Hark! the night's slumberous air is musical
With the low carolling of birds that seem
To hold here an enduring festival:
How do their notes and nature's flowers redeem
The place from stained pollution! if the stream
And reek of blood gushed forth from man and beast,
If Cain-like brethren gloated o'er the steam
Of immolation as a welcome feast,
Ages have cleansed the guilt, the unnatural strife hath ceased.

* * *

The white flowers blossom chapleting a ground
Whose dust was human, they bloom not the less;
Where be the myriads once those seats that crowned?
They gazed on thee, broad Moon! but did not bless
Thine urn, from which they drank no gentleness:
The fight, the hunt, the galley's crashing prow,
Such were their morning hopes of happiness,
For which they waited with as feverish brow
As for some worthless aim our hearts are beating now.

Yet rest forgiveness on their memory!
Life's infancy was theirs, its solemn end
Unknown, they felt not their humanity,
They knew not their vast souls. Lo! how ascend
Tier above tier those benches that extend

In shattered circles, where the Roman sate,
While on his nod, or voice, or finger's bend,
The gladiator read remorseless fate;
Even so might life or death on one slight motion wait!

Along its shattered edges on a sky
Of azure, sharply, delicately traced,
The light bird flits o'er flowers that wave from high,
Where human foot shall nevermore be based:
Grass mantles the arena mid defaced
And broken columns freshly, wildly spread;
And through the hollow windows once so graced
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings shed
Lighting as if with life those sockets of the dead!

So stretches that Titanic skeleton:
Its shattered and enormous circle rent,
And yawning open, arch and covering gone;
As the huge crater's sides hang imminent
Round the volcano whose last flames are spent,
Whose sounds shall nevermore to heaven aspire,
So frowns that stern and desolate monument;
A stage in ruin, an exhausted pyre,
The actors past to dust, forever quenched the fire!

John Edmund Reade.

THE COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!

At length, at length, after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness, and age, and memories of eld!
Silence, and desolation, and dim night!
I feel ye now, — I feel ye in your strength, —
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls, these ivy-clad arcades,
These mouldering plinths, these sad and blackened shafts,
These vague entablatures, this crumbling frieze,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones, — alas! these gray stones, — are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

"Not all," the echoes answer me, — "not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever
From us and from all ruin unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men, we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, — we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

Edgar Allan Poe.

IN THE COLISEUM.

GO stand within the Coliseum's walls,
And mid the sunny stillness call again
The Roman multitudes of olden days
Back to their cruel lives athirst for blood,
And place them there in all their ancient state,
Row upon row of fierce expectant eyes,
A palpitating mass of eager zest;
Behold the Emperor in his purple robes,
Who deemed himself a god, set in their midst;
And in the wide arena, war-won men
Grouped, sword in hand, to fight unto the death;
Then in that moment's quiet, when the hush
Of breathless listening quells the restless crowd,

That moment's calm, when those about to die
Salute the Cæsar, think, if in such time
Once long ago there could have sudden flashed
On that great audience a vision clear
Of what their amphitheatre is now, —
A silent ruin overgrown with weeds,
One keen and instant sense of mortal fate,
The transientness of building, empire, man, —
Would not an awful, solemn stillness then
Have stolen o'er them, such as reigns within
The shattered circus of their sports to-day?
And moving slowly, softly, one by one,
Would they have gone out, fear-struck to their souls?
Or would the whole assembly, smote at once
With this same realizing, madly rise
In all their lusty health, and with one shout
Of terror-clinched conviction echo there
The gladiator's words, "About to die,
O Cæsar, we salute thee, — we — who die!"

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

THE CIRCUS.

He pants to stand
In its vast circus, all alive with heads
And quivering arms and floating robes, — the air
Thrilled by the roaring *fremitus* of men, —
The sunlit awning heaving overhead,
Swollen and strained against its corded veins,
And flapping out its hem with loud report, —
The wild beasts roaring from the pit below,
The wilder crowd responding from above

With one long yell that sends the startled blood
With thrill and sudden flush into the cheeks, —
A hundred trumpets screaming, — the dull thump
Of horses galloping across the sand, —
The clang of scabbards, the sharp clash of steel, —
Live swords, that whirl a circle of gray fire, —
Brass helmets flashing 'neath their streaming hair, —
A universal tumult, — then a hush
Worse than the tumult, — all eyes straining down
To the arena's pit, all lips set close,
All muscles strained, — and then that sudden yell,
Habet! — "That 's Rome," says Lucius: so it is!
That is, 't is his Rome, 't is not yours and mine.

William Wetmore Story.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

I STOOD beneath the Arch of Titus long;
On Hebrew forms there sculptured long I pored;
Till fancy, by a distant clarion stung,
Woke; and methought there moved that arch toward
A Roman triumph. Lance and helm and sword
Glittered; white coursers tramped and trumpets rung:
Last came, car-borne amid a captive throng,
The laurelled son of Rome's imperial lord.
As though by wings of unseen eagles fanned
The Conqueror's cheek, when first that arch he saw,
Burned with the flush he strove in vain to quell.
Titus! a loftier arch than thine hath spanned
Rome and the world with empery and law;
Thereof each stone was hewn from Israel!

Aubrey de Vere.

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

HOMEWARD turning from the music which had so
entranced my brain,
That the way I scarce remembered to the Pincian Hill
again, —
Nay, was willing to forget it underneath a moon so
fair,
In a solitude so sacred, and so summer-like an air, —
Came I to the side of Tiber, hardly conscious where
I stood,
Till I marked the sullen murmur of the venerable flood.

Rome lay doubly dead around me, sunk in silence calm
and deep:
'T was the death of desolation, and the nightly one of
sleep.
Dreams alone, and recollections, peopled now the solemn
hour,
Such a spot and such a season well might wake the
Fancy's power;
Yet no monumental fragment, storied arch, or temple
vast,
Mid the mean plebeian buildings loudly whispered of
the Past.

Tethered by the shore, some barges hid the wave's
august repose;
Petty sheds of humble merchants nigh the Campus
Martius rose;

Hardly could the dingy Thamis, when his tide is ebbing low,
Life's dull scene in colder colors to the homesick exile show.
Winding from the vulgar prospect, through a labyrinth of lanes,
Forth I stepped upon the Corso where its greatness Rome retains.

Yet it was not ancient glory, though the midnight radiance fell
Soft on many a princely mansion, many a dome's majestic swell;
Though, from some hushed corner gushing, oft a modern fountain gleamed,
Where the marble and the waters in their freshness equal seemed:
What though open courts unfolded columns of Corinthian mould?
Beautiful it was, — but altered! naught bespake the Rome of old.

So, regardless of the grandeur, passed I towards the Northern Gate;
All around were shining gardens, churches glittering, yet sedate;
Heavenly bright the broad enclosure! but the o'erwhelming silence brought
Stillness to mine own heart's beating, with a moment's truce of thought,
And I started as I found me walking, ere I was aware,
O'er the Obelisk's tall shadow, on the pavement of the square.

Ghost-like seemed it to address me, and conveyed me
for a while,
Backward, through a thousand ages, to the borders of
the Nile;
Where, for centuries, every morning saw it creeping,
long and dun,
O'er the stones perchance of Memphis, or the City of
the Sun.
Kingly turrets looked upon it, pyramids and sculp-
tured fanes;
Towers and palaces have mouldered, but the shadow
still remains.

Out of that lone tomb of Egypt, o'er the seas the
trophy flew;
Here the eternal apparition met the millions' daily view.
Virgil's foot has touched it often, it hath kissed Octa-
via's face, —
Royal chariots have rolled o'er it, in the frenzy of the
race,
When the strong, the swift, the valiant, mid the thronged
arena strove,
In the days of good Augustus and the dynasty of
Jove.

Herds are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evander's
time;
Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian all the towers that
sprang sublime.
Strange that what seemed most inconstant should the
most abiding prove;

Strange that what is hourly moving no mutation can remove:
Ruined lies the cirque! the chariots, long ago, have ceased to roll, —
Even the Obelisk is broken, — but the shadow still is whole.

What is Fame! if mightiest empires leave so little mark behind,
How much less must heroes hope for, in the wreck of humankind!
Less than even this darksome picture, which I tread beneath my feet,
Copied by a lifeless moonbeam on the pebbles of the street;
Since, if Cæsar's best ambition, living, was to be renowned,
What shall Cæsar leave behind him save the shadow of a sound?

Thomas William Parsons.

MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

AMID these mouldering walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypress shades, in funeral rows,
No sculptured urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene though changed, nor negligently tread;
These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every floweret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumberous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scion of Apollo's tree
The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf, — 't were sacrilege to wound
The ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
And the first rites to gloomy Dis conveyed.

Witness thou field of Mars, that oft hadst known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heardst the heartfelt, universal groan
When o'er thy bosom rolled the funeral car.

Witness, thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glowed
In sportive strugglings with the opposing wave,

Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flowed,
While wept the wife, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon! — yet why lament a fate
By thousands envied and by Heaven approved?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
To live, to die, admired, esteemed, beloved.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations hastily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on the applause we pay
To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius, snatched away,
Has fallen lamented who had lived unknown.

* * *

William Whitehead.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds,
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old,
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive column, spared by fire and flood;
And, though the passions of man's fretful race
Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
Not injured more by touch of meddling hands
Than a lone obelisk, mid Nubian sands

Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good and brave.
Historic figures round the shaft embost
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees
Group winding after group, with dream-like ease;
Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude displayed,
Or softly stealing into modest shade.
So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine;
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
Wide-spreading odors from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
I gladly commune with the mind and heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
Behold how fought the chief whose conquering sword
Stretched far as earth might own a single lord;
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the sovereign ruled;
Best of the good, — in pagan faith allied
To more than man, by virtue deified.

Memorial pillar! mid the wrecks of time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime, —
The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received its doom:
Things that recoil from language; that, if shown

By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
A pontiff, Trajan here the gods implores,
There greets an embassy from Indian shores:
Lo! he harangues his cohorts, — there the storm
Of battle meets him in authentic form!
Unharnessed, naked troops of Moorish horse
Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed; — yet, high or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
Is Roman dignity inviolate;
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honored instruments that round him wait;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.
Alas! that one thus disciplined could toil
To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his aim,
He drooped, mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs.
O weakness of the great! O folly of the wise!

Where now the haughty empire that was spread
With such fond hope? Her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:

Still are we present with the imperial chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold relief,
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the mind.

William Wordsworth.

BIRDS IN THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN.

EGERIAN warbler! unseen rhapsodist!
Whose carols antedate the Roman spring;
Who, while the old gray walls, thy playmates, ring,
Dost evermore on one deep strain insist;
Flinging thy bell-notes through the sunset mist!
Touched by thy song rich weeds and wall-flowers swing
As in a breeze, the twilight crimsoning
That sucks from them aerial amethyst, —
O for a sibyl's insight to reveal
That lore thou sing'st of! Shall I guess it? nay!
Enough to hear thy strain, — enough to feel
O'er all the extended soul the freshness steal
Of those ambrosial honeydews that weigh
Down with sweet force the azure lids of day.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

EASTWARD hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides
The mouldering wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad

Like sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoiced, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

John Dyer.

MINERVA MEDICA.

IN ancient Rome a temple stands,
Around whose aged feet
The tide flows up from many lands,
And eddies through the street;

The human tide that ceaseless pours
To break its waves on Rome,
And gathers from a thousand shores
Its scallop shells and foam.

That temple's shrines are empty now,
Its altars dark and bare,
The goddess of the marble brow
No longer worshipped there.

No longer wings her spells abroad
The fevered pulse to heal,
And unrelenting, if implored,
Were deaf to each appeal.

"Restore, restore," she seems to say,
"The homage which ye gave,

And when laborious pains ye pay,
I will consent to save."

Her home was on the radiant shores
Where snow-white Athens shines;
How beautiful her servitors,
How stately were her shrines!

And how, from farthest east to west,
And by the unknown sea,
What goddess was so well beloved,
So much revered, as she!

A sweeter faith is now enshrined
In Athens and in Rome;
Her honors everywhere declined,
Her priests without a home.

And even what she nobly taught,
And what she symbolled then,
Is banished out of human thought,
And quite forgot by men.

And yet methinks her statue stands,
And makes a mute appeal,
"Give helpful blessing, all ye lands,
On women bent to heal."

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Rome, Streets of.

VIA SACRA.

MUSING, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles as I know not what,
When late the street I sauntered through,
A wight, whose name I hardly knew,
Approaching pertly, makes me stand,
And thus accosts me, hand in hand:
"How do you do, my sweetest man?"
Quoth I, "As well as mortal can,
And my best wishes yours, when he
Would follow. What 's your will with me?"
"That one of your profound discerning
Should know me: I 'm a man of learning."
"Why, then, be sure upon that score
You merit my regard the more."
Impatient to discard the fop,
One while I run, another stop,
And whisper, as he presses near,
Some nothing in my servant's ear.
But while at every pore I sweated,
And thus in muttering silence fretted, —
"Bolanus, happy in a skull
Of proof, impenetrably dull,
O for a portion of thy brains!" —
He on the town and streets and lanes
His prating, praising talent tried,

And, when I answered not, he cried:
"Ay, 't is too plain; you can't deceive me,
You miserably wish to leave me,
But I shall never quit you so;
Command me, — whither would you go?"
"You do me honor, but, in short,
There's not the least occasion for 't.
I visit one, — to cut the strife, —
You never saw him in your life;
Nor would I lead you such a round, —
He lives above a mile of ground
Beyond the Tiber." "Never talk
Of distance, for I love a walk.
I never have the least enjoyment
In idleness: I want employment.
Come on; I must and will attend
Your person to your journey's end."
Like vicious ass, that fretting bears
A wicked load, I hang my ears,
While he, renewing his civilities,
"If well I know my own abilities,
Not Viscus, though your friend of yore,
Not Varius could engage you more;
For who can write melodious lays
With greater elegance or ease?
Who moves with smoother grace his limbs
While through the mazy dance he swims?
Besides, I sing to that degree,
Hermogenes might envy me."
"Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?"

"Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns."
"Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain:
Despatch me; for my goody-nurse
Early presaged this heavy curse:
She conned it by the sieve and shears,
And now it falls upon my ears, —
Nor poison fell, with ruin stored,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off;
A noisy tongue and babbling breath
Shall tease and talk my child to death.
But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.
We came to Vesta's about ten,
And he was bound in person then
To stand a suit, or by the laws
He must have forfeited his cause.
"Sir, if you love me, step aside
A little into court," he cried.
"If I can stand it out," quoth I,
"Or know the practice, let me die;
Besides, I am obliged to go
Precisely to the place you know."
"I am divided what to do,
Whether to leave my cause or you."
"Sir, I beseech you spare your pains.

Your humble servant." "By no means."
I follow, for he leads the way;
'T is death; but captives must obey.
Then he renews his plaguy strain, as,
"How stands your friendship with Mæcenas?"
"For friendships, he contracts but few,
And shows in that his judgment true."
"Commend me to your brother-bard,
No man has played a surer card.
But you should have a man of art;
One who might act an under-part.
If you were pleased to recommend
The man I mention, to your friend,
Sir, may I never see the light
But you shall rout your rivals quite!"
"We live not there, as you suppose,
On such precarious terms as those:
No family was ever purer;
From such infections none securer.
It never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in wealth or taste;
Each person there of course inherits
A place proportioned to his merits."
"'T is wonderful, and, to be brief,
A thing almost beyond belief."
"But whether you believe, or no,
The matter is exactly so."
"This adds but fuel to the fire,
The more you kindle my desire
To kiss his hand, and pay my court."
"Assail, and you shall take the fort.

Such is the vigor of your wit,
And he is one that can submit;
The first attack is therefore nice,
The matter is to break the ice."
"I sha' n't be wanting there," he cried,
"I 'll bribe his servants to my side;
To-day shut out, still onward press,
And watch the seasons of access;
In private haunt, in public meet,
Salute, escort him through the street.
There 's nothing gotten in this life
Without a world of toil and strife!"
While thus he racks my tortured ears,
A much-loved friend of mine appears,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging "so and so":
"Whence come, and whither do you go?"
I then began in woful wise
To nod my head, distort my eyes,
And pull his renegado sleeve,
That he would grant me a reprieve;
But he was absent all the while,
Malicious with a leering smile.
Provoked at his dissimulation,
I burst with spleen and indignation.
"I know not what you had to tell
In private." "I remember well:
But shall a day of business choose,
This is the Sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern

Curtailed assemblies of the brethren."
"I have no scruples, by your leave,
On that account." "But, sir, I have:
I am a little superstitious,
Like many of the crowd capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a crime,
And I shall talk another time."
O that so black a sun should rise!
Away the cruel creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my life
Aghast beneath the butcher's knife.
At last, by special act of grace,
The plaintiff meets him face to face,
And bawls as loud as he could bellow:
"Ha! whither now, thou vilest fellow?
Sir, will you witness to my capture?"
I signified, I would with rapture;
And then, to magnify the sport,
He drags my prattler into court;
And thus, amidst the noise and rabble,
Apollo saved me in the squabble.

Horace. Tr. Philip Francis.

VIA SACRA.

Along the Sacred Way
Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopped at the sacred stair that then appeared,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,

As though it led to heaven. 'T was night; but now;
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last? They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquished, — there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die.

Samuel Rogers.

VIA FELICE.

'T WAS in the Via Felice
My friend his dwelling made,
The Roman Via Felice,
Half sunshine, half in shade.

A marble god stands near it
That once deserved a shrine,
And, veteran of the old world,
The Barberini pine.

A very Roman is he
Whom age makes not so wise
But that each coming winter
Is still a new surprise.

But I lodged near the convent
Whose bells did hallow noon,
And all the lesser hours
With sweet recurrent tune.

They lent their solemn cadence
To all the thoughtless day;
The heart, so oft it heard them,
Was lifted up to pray.

And where the lamp was lighted
At twilight, on the wall,
Serenely sat Madonna,
And smiled to bless us all.

Those voices, illustrating
Their bargains, from the street,
Shaming Thought's narrow meanness
With music infinite.

Those men of stately stature,
Those women, fair of shape,
That watched the chestnuts roasting,
The fig, and clustered grape;

All this, my daily pleasure
That made none poor to give,
Was near the Via Felice
Where Horace loved to live.

I see him from the window
That ne'er my heart forgets,

He buys from yonder maiden
My morning violets.

Not ill he chose those flowers
With mild, reproving eyes,
Emblems of tender chiding,
And love divinely wise.

For his were generous learning
And reconciling art;
O, not with fleeting presence
My friend and I could part!

His work of consolation
Abode when he was gone,
A tower of beauty lifted
From ruins widely strown.

Our own inconstant heavens
Were o'er us, when we met
Before a longer parting,
Not seen, nor dreamed of, yet.

'T was when the Spring's soft breathing
Restores the frozen sense,
And Patience, dull with Winter,
Is glad in recompense.

There, in our pleasant converse,
As by one thought, we said:
"This is the Via Felice,
Where friends together tread."

Again, my friend turned seaward,
Again, athwart the wave
He flung the wayward fortune
His fiery planet gave.

And in that heart of Paris
That hides distress and wrong,
So cold, with show and splendor,
So dumb, with dance and song;

Drawn, by some hidden current
Of unknown agony,
To seek a throb responsive,
Our Horace sank to die.

O, not where he is lying
With dear ancestral dust,
Not where his household traces
Grow sad and dim with rust;

But in the Ancient City
And from the quaint old door
I'm watching at my window
His coming, evermore.

For Death's eternal city
Has yet some happy street;
'T is in the Via Felice
My friend and I shall meet.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE CORSO: THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

WHO can forget thy Carnival, Rome, thy Carnival flashing
Joy and life through thy solemn streets? Ah, season when Pleasure
Day after day its kaleidoscope turned of bright robes and bright faces;
Rain of confetti and snowing of flowers from window to window;
Tumult of chatter and laughter, glances of youths and of maidens,
While their exchanges of flowers and bonbons beneath the balconies
Made the heart flutter with dreams of a world too sweet for possession.
Then the masking, the tricolored plumes in the broad black sombrero;
Blouses and harlequins battling like boys in a snow-balling frolic;
While the thronged Corso scarce opened a way for the carriages passing.

Wild was the revelry, — counting no hours from noon-tide till nightfall;
Till, as behind the solemn old palaces dropped the last sunbeam,
Boomed the loud cannon that cleared the carriages off in an instant.
Then came the cavalry making an opening amid the thronged faces,

Down from the Piazza del Popolo on to the Palace Venetian:
Then the mad race of the riderless horses, and shouts of the people
Ended each many-hued day. Young hearts grew weary of pleasure.
Tired feet trod upon flowers that lay on the pavement neglected,
And the soiled maskers trailed heavily homeward their fanciful trappings.
Silent the stars shone down on the narrow streets, and the watchman
Dozed in his corner and dreamed of the coming delights of the morrow.

Can I forget the wild masque-ball at the brilliant Teatro?
Dominoes, white, black, and red, all thronging and jostling each other:
Men dark-bearded and women in costumes as fair as Sultanas,
Every one free as the wind, by fashion's conventions untrammelled,
All borne away by the moment, and chasing the butterfly Pleasure,
Till the stars faded and set in the cold gray light of the morning.
Then, last of all, like a candle that flares at its death in the socket,
Burst on the night the bewildering blaze of the wild Moccoletti, —

Flashed in the windows from palace to palace the swift 'llumination,
Flashed in the street, on foot and in carriage each man and each woman
Bearing aloft from all reach their torches, with breath or with flapper
Striving to keep their own and to put out the lights of their neighbors,
While Senza Moccolo, Moccolo! all through the Corso resounded.

Can I forget thee, Rome, at this season of innocent pleasure?
Now when I see how the tyrants have caught thee and ruffled thy plumage, —
Clipped the gay pinions which once every year thou spreadest in frolic;
Forced thee to laugh, when the bitterest scorn should have answered their meddling;
Forced thee to take thy harp from the willows and sing at their bidding,
When thou shouldst call down the lightning of heaven to blast thy oppressors!
Patience! the day hastens onward. Thunder-clouds on the horizon
Rumble and will not rest. Beneath the thrones a volcano
Moans, not in vain; and the hour must come when the forces electric,
Justice and Freedom and Truth, no longer can slumber inactive.

Then shall thy children exult in a jubilee holier, grander,
And thy brief carnival pleasures seem but the sport
of a school-boy
To the true freedom that then shall crown thee with
blessing and honor!

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

VICOLO DELLA FONTANA.

WE stand before the dwelling of a man
Who proved, ere meteor-like his spirit fled,
Through Rome's live heart the blood of freedom ran;
That, with the dust of ages o'er her spread,
Prostrate and chained, the Helot was not dead;
A resurrection of futurity
Awaiting yet: to raise her buried head,
Cola Rienzi! was reserved for thee:
To breathe into her veins the life of liberty.

Here like a fallen angel mid the wreck
Of a crushed world thou stood'st, evoking forth
Passionate words that waited at thy beck
To raise the fiends hate, vengeance, into birth,
And the old memories of heroic worth:
The skeleton fragments of Rome's giant power
Recalled the minds that once o'erruled the earth;
The freemen heard, the spirit that made cower
Tyrants, awoke again the Nemesis of the hour.

Patriot, sage, poet, orator, each part
Was subtly played, all save the unattained,

The greatest, the unfelt, the hero heart:
Dazzled wert thou thy giddy eminence gained,
While flattery whispered that the Tribune reigned.
Foes mocked thee: patriots saw their liberty
By crime and vanity and folly stained;
Failure, flight, cowardice, apostasy,
Proved what thou wert too late, vain martyr of the free!

John Edmund Reade.

Rome, Churches of.

ST. PETER'S.

BUT lo! the dome, — the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell, —
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle, —
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee, —
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that he
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye, so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll

In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

Not by its fault, but thine. Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp, and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Lord Byron.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT THE TOMB OF THE STUARTS.

EVE'S tinted shadows slowly fill the fane
Where Art has taken almost Nature's room,
While still two objects clear in light remain,
An alien pilgrim at an alien tomb, —

A sculptured tomb of regal heads discrowned,
Of one heart-worshipped, fancy-haunted name,
Once loud on earth, but now scarce else renowned
Than as the offspring of that stranger's fame.

There lie the Stuarts! There lingers Walter Scott!
Strange congress of illustrious thoughts and things!
A plain old moral, still too oft forgot, —
The power of genius and the fall of kings.

The curse on lawless will high-planted there,
A beacon to the world, shines not for him;

He is with those who felt their life was sere,
When the full light of loyalty grew dim.

He rests his chin upon a sturdy staff,
Historic as that sceptre, theirs no more;
His gaze is fixed; his thirsty heart can quaff,
For a short hour the spirit-draughts of yore.

Each figure in its pictured place is seen,
Each fancied shape his actual vision fills,
From the long-pining, death-delivered queen
To the worn outlaw of the heathery hills.

O grace of life, which shame could never mar!
O dignity, that circumstance defied!
Pure is the neck that wears the deathly scar,
And sorrow has baptized the front of pride.

But purpled mantle and blood-crimsoned shroud,
Exiles to suffer and returns to woo,
Are gone, like dreams by daylight disallowed;
And their historian, — he is sinking too!

A few more moments, and that laboring brow
Cold as those royal busts and calm will lie;
And, as on them his thoughts are resting now,
His marbled form will meet the attentive eye.

Thus, face to face, the dying and the dead,
Bound in one solemn, ever-living bond,
Communed; and I was sad that ancient head
Ever should pass those holy walls beyond.

Lord Houghton.

THE ILLUMINATIONS OF ST. PETER'S.

I.

FIRST ILLUMINATION.

TEMPLE! where Time has wed Eternity,
How beautiful thou art beyond compare,
Now emptied of thy massive majesty,
And made so faery-frail, so faery-fair:
The lineaments that thou art wont to wear
Augustly traced in ponderous masonry,
Lie faint as in a woof of filmy air,
Within their frames of mellow jewelry.
But yet how sweet the hardly waking sense,
That when the strength of hours has quenched those gems,
Disparted all those soft-bright diadems,
Still in the sun thy form will rise supreme
In its own solid, clear magnificence, —
Divinest substance then, as now divinest dream.

II.

SECOND ILLUMINATION.

My heart was resting with a peaceful gaze,
So peaceful that it seemed I well could die
Entranced before such beauty, when a cry
Burst from me, and I sunk in dumb amaze:
The molten stars before a withering blaze

Paled to annihilation, and my eye,
Stunned by the splendor, saw against the sky
Nothing but light, — sheer light, — and light's own haze.
At last that giddying sight took form, and then
Appeared the stable vision of a crown,
From the black vault by unseen power let down,
Cross-topped, thrice girt with flame:
Cities of men,
Queens of the earth! bow low, — was ever brow
Of mortal birth adorned as Rome is now?

Lord Houghton.

ST. PETER'S BY MOONLIGHT.

LOW hung the moon when first I stood in Rome;
Midway she seemed attracted from her sphere,
On those twin fountains shining broad and clear
Whose floods, not mindless of their mountain home,
Rise there in clouds of rainbow mist and foam.
That hour fulfilled the dream of many a year:
Through that thin mist, with joy akin to fear,
The steps I saw, the pillars, last, the dome.
A spiritual empire there embodied stood;
The Roman Church there met me face to face:
Ages, sealed up, of evil and of good
Slept in that circling colonnade's embrace.
Alone I stood, a stranger and alone,
Changed by that stony miracle to stone.

Aubrey de Vere.

IN ST. PETER'S.

A NOBLE structure truly! as you say, —
Clear, spacious, large in feeling and design,
Just what a church should be, — I grant alway
There may be faults, great faults, yet I opine
Less on the whole than elsewhere may be found
But let its faults go, — out of human thought
Was nothing ever builded, written, wrought
That one can say is whole, complete, and round;
Your snarling critic gloats upon defects,
And any fool among the architects
Can pick you out a hundred different flaws;
But who of them, with all his talking, draws
A church to match it? View it as a whole,
Not part by part, with those mean little eyes,
That cannot love, but only criticise,
How grand a body! with how large a soul!

Seen from without, how well it bodies forth
Rome's proud religion, — nothing mean and small
In its proportion, and above it all
A central dome of thought, a forehead bare
That rises in this soft Italian air
Big with its intellect, and far away,
When lesser domes have sunken in the earth,
Stands for all Rome uplifted in the day,
An art-born brother of the mountains there.
See what an invitation it extends
To the world's pilgrims, be they foes or friends.

Its colonnades, with wide embracing arms,
Spread forth as if to bless and shield from harms,
And draw them to its heart, the inner shrine,
From the grand outer precincts, where alway
The living fountains wave their clouds of spray,
And temper with cool sound the hot sunshine.

Step in, — behind your back the curtain swings;
The world is left outside with worldly things.
How still! save where vague echoes rise and fall,
Dying along the distance, what a sense
Of peace and silence hovers over all,
That tones the marbled aisle's magnificence,
And frescoed vaults and ceilings deep with gold,
To its own quiet. See! how grand and bold,
Key of the whole, swells up the airy dome
Where the apostles hold their lofty home,
And angels hover in the misted height,
And amber shafts of sunset bridge with light
Its quivering air, while low the organ groans,
And from the choir's gilt cages tangling tones
Whirl fuguing up, and play and float aloft,
And in its vast bell die in echoes soft.

And mark! our church hath its own atmosphere,
That varies not with seasons of the year,
But ever keeps its even, temperate air,
And soft, large light without offensive glare.
No sombre, Gothic sadness here abides
To awe the sense, — no sullen shadow hides
In its clear spaces, — but a light as warm

And broad as charity smiles o'er the whole,
And joyous art and color's festal charm
Refine the senses and uplift the soul.

* * *

William Wetmore Story.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

READ AT A CELEBRATION OF THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

THIS is the rugged face
Of him who won a place
Above all kings and lords;
Whose various skill and power
Left Italy a dower
No numbers can compute, no tongue translate in words.

Patient to train and school
His genius to the rule
Art's sternest laws required;
Yet, by no custom chained,
His daring hand disdained
The academic forms by tamer souls admired.

In his interior light
Awoke those shapes of might,
Once known, that never die;
Forms of Titanic birth
The elder brood of earth,
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm the eye.

Yet when the master chose,
Ideal graces rose
Like flowers on gnarléd boughs;
For he was nursed and fed
At Beauty's fountain-head,
And to the goddess pledged his earliest, warmest vows.

Entranced in thoughts whose vast
Imaginations passed
Into his facile hand,
By adverse fate unfoiled,
Through long, long years he toiled;
Undimmed the eyes that saw, unworn the brain that planned.

A soul the Church's bars,
The State's disastrous wars,
Kept closer to his youth.
Though rough the winds and sharp,
They could not bend or warp
His soul's ideal forms of beauty and of truth.

Like some cathedral spire
That takes the earliest fire
Of morn, he towered sublime
O'er names and fanes of mark
Whose lights to his were dark;
Facing the east, he caught a glow beyond his time.

Whether he drew, or sung,
Or wrought in stone, or hung

The Pantheon in the air;
Whether he gave to Rome
Her Sistine walls or dome,
Or laid the ponderous beams, or lightly wound the stair;

Whether he planned defence
On Tuscan battlements,
Fired with the patriot's zeal,
Where San Miniato's glow
Smiled down upon the foe,
Till Treason won the gates that mocked the invader's steel;

Whether in lonely nights
With Poesy's delights
He cheered his solitude;
In sculptured sonnets wrought
His firm and graceful thought,
Like marble altars in some dark and mystic wood, —

Still, proudly poised, he stepped
The way his vision swept,
And scorned the narrower view.
He touched with glory all
That pope or cardinal,
With lower aims than his, allotted him to do.

A heaven of larger zone —
Not theirs, but his — was thrown
O'er old and wonted themes.
The fires within his soul

Shone like an aureole
Around the prophets old and sibyls of his dreams.

Thus self-contained and bold,
His glowing thoughts he told
On canvas or on stone,
He needed not to seek
His themes from Jew or Greek;
His soul enlarged their forms, his style was all his own.

Ennobled by his hand,
Florence and Rome shall stand
Stamped with the signet-ring
He wore, where kings obeyed
The laws the artists made.
Art was his world, and he was Art's anointed king.

So stood this Angelo
Four hundred years ago;
So grandly still he stands,
Mid lesser worlds of art,
Colossal and apart,
Like Memnon breathing songs across the desert sands.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN ST. PETER'S.

LOW on the marble floor I lie:
I am alone:
Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
And foreign crowds are passing by,

I am alone.
Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

With tender joy all others thrill;
I have but tears:
The false priests' voices, high and shrill,
Reiterate the "Peace, good-will";
I have but tears.
I hear anew
The nails and scourge; then come the low,
Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

Close by my side the poor souls kneel;
I turn away;
Half-pitying looks at me they steal;
They think, because I do not feel,
I turn away.
Ah! if they knew,
How following them, where'er they go,
I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

Above the organ's sweetest strains
I hear the groans
Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
So near, and in such mortal pains,
I hear the groans.

But Christ walks through
The dungeons of St. Angelo,
And says, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

And now the music sinks to sighs;
The lights grow dim:
The Pastorella's melodies
In lingering echoes float and rise;
The lights grow dim;
More clear and true,
In this sweet silence seem to flow
The words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

The dawn swings incense, silver gray;
The night is past;
Now comes, triumphant, God's full day;
No priest, no church can bar its way:
The night is past;
How on this blue
Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
The words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

Helen Hunt.

ST. JOHN LATERAN.

OF temples built by mortal hands,
Give honor to the Lateran first;
'T was here the hope of many lands —
The infant Church — was nursed;

And grew unto a great estate,
  And waxed strong in grace and power,
With Christ for head and faithful mate,
  And learning for her dower.

Since first this house to him was raised,
  Three times five hundred years have run;
For this let Constantine be praised,
  An English mother's son!

He with his own imperial sword
  Did dig foundations broad and deep,
That henceforth in his hand the Lord
  Rome and her hills should keep.

In after ages, one by one,
  Arose the altars vowed to Heaven;
Each crest is sacred now, but none
  Like this of all the Seven!

Behold she stands! The Mother Church!
  A queen among her countless peers!
Ah! open be that sacred porch
  For thrice five hundred years!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE LATERAN CLOISTERS.

THE very roses, thick with bloom,
  Are golden in the golden light;
What sanctifies that belt of gloom?
  What makes this court so bright?

Are other pillars half so rich,
So dainty delicate as these,
Which curl and twist like woodland niche
Set in a frame of trees!

Two legendary stones are here,
And cast a mystery round the spot;
Let none to whom his Lord is dear
Say he believes them not!

Behold the well where Jesus stayed,
(The heart which questioned also nigh!)
And, "wearied with his journey," bade
To fountains never dry.

Until for her who stood beside
His words alone sufficed,
And as she went her way, she cried,
"But is not this the Christ!"

See measured on that pillar's round
The stature of his sacred head;
Let that be counted holy ground
Of which such things are said.

And do not weigh what men believe,
When thus from age to age is told
A tale which eager hearts receive
With love that grows not cold.

A garden blessed by many prayers,
And centuries of sacred fame,

A pilgrim's tender footstep spares,
If only for the claim!

So pluck the golden Lateran rose
Which blooms about each ancient stone;
And faith which towards a legend flows
Shall not be left alone!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE PANTHEON.

SIMPLE, erect, severe, austere, sublime, —
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus, — spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes, — glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee, — sanctuary and home
Of art and piety, — Pantheon! — pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts, —
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around them close.

Lord Byron.

THE PANTHEON.

NO, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian! canst not,
Strip and replaster and daub and do what they will with thee, be so!
Here underneath the great porch of colossal Corinthian columns,
Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian belfries above them?
Or on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours, till thy whole vast
Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I repeople thy niches,
Not with the martyrs and saints and confessors and virgins and children,
But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship;
And I recite to myself, how
Eager for battle here
Stood Vulcan, here matronal Juno,
And with the bow to his shoulder faithful
He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia
The oak forest and the wood that bore him,
Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

SAN NICOLO IN CARCERE.

THERE is a dungeon, in whose dim, drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing; look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, —
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain, —
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar; — but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where on the heart and from the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —
What may the fruit be yet? — I know not — Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher

Than Egypt's river: from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! heaven's realm holds
no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds: O holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

Lord Byron.

ARA CŒLI.

WHOEVER will go to Rome may see,
In the chapel of the Sacristy
Of Ara-Cœli, the Sainted Child,—
Garnished from throat to foot with rings
And brooches and precious offerings,
And its little nose kissed quite away
By dying lips. At Epiphany,
If the holy winter day prove mild,
It is shown to the wondering, gaping crowd
On the church's steps,—held high aloft,—
While every sinful head is bowed,
And the music plays, and the censers' soft
White breath ascends like silent prayer.

Many a beggar kneeling there,
Tattered and hungry, without a home,
Would not envy the Pope of Rome,
If he, the beggar, had half the care
Bestowed on him that falls to the share
Of yonder Image, — for you must know
It has its minions to come and go,
Its perfumed chamber, remote and still,
Its silken couch, and its jewelled throne,
And a special carriage of its own
To take the air in, when it will.
And though it may neither drink nor eat,
By a nod to its ghostly seneschal
It could have of the choicest wine and meat.
Often some princess, brown and tall,
Comes, and unclasping from her arm
The glittering bracelet, leaves it, warm
With her throbbing pulse, at the Baby's feet.
Ah, he is loved by high and low,
Adored alike by simple and wise.
The people kneel to him in the street.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES, AT HER CHURCH WITHOUT THE WALLS.

"O virgo felix, O nova gloria,
Cœlestis arcis nobilis incola."

Inscription over the Tribune.

O QUAINTEST and most ancient fane,
Whose simple beauty rears
The memory of a pure life slain,
Through thrice five hundred years!

I journey down the stairs' long line
Beneath the hollow ground;
For what I deemed the dusky shrine
Of holy Agnes bound.

But the half-buried church is bright
With many a candle's ray,
And windows high pour on the sight
The purer blaze of day.

Nothing is dark or saddening there,
Nothing is worn or old;
Lo! colors rich and marbles rare,
And virgin white and gold.

No faded frescos stain the wall,
No blackened paintings grim;
'T was glittering as a festival,
And warming as a hymn.

The sculptured Maid within her arm
Her typic lamb caressed;
While music, with its living charm,
The silent pageant blest.

And, see, two lambs to the altar brought!
Not for a victim's fate,
But to express a gentle thought,
And to be consecrate.

Thus, yearly, keeps this ancient fane,
With garlands, light, and song,

The memory of one pure life slain,
So tenderly and long.

And thus, without the Roman wall,
To all the world it saith:
"Behold what shining honors fall
Round Innocence and Faith!"

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

SANT' ONOFRIO.

TASSO'S tomb is in one of the chapels of Sant' Onofrio, on the Janiculum, where there is a modern monument by Falerio. The writing-desk, crucifix, inkstand, and some autographs of the poet, are in the adjoining convent, where he died (A. D. 1595); and the tree called Tasso's Oak is shown in the garden.

THE tepid air bespeaks repose,
The noonday city sleeps;
No shadow from the cypress groves
Athwart the Tiber creeps.
This seems the very land of rest
To wondering wanderers from the West,
Who walk as if in dreams;
English Ambition's onward cry,
To all beneath this opiate sky
Yet untranslated seems.

Here is the goal; here ended all
His tragedy of life!
The honors, banishment, recall,
The love, the hate, the strife!

A weary man, the poet came
To light a funeral-torch's flame
At yonder chancel light;
When here he summed up all his days,
Heedless of human blame or praise,
And turned him to the Night!

O holy Jerome! at thy shrine,
Who could hope better meed,
Than he who sang the song divine
Of crusade and of creed!
Who loved upon Jerusalem,
As thou didst when at Bethlehem,
The Master's steps to trace!
Who burned to tread the very sod
Imprinted by the feet of God,
In the first years of grace!

Wrapt in the shade of Tasso's Oak,
I breathe the air of Rome:
He found his final home
Where, freed from every patron's yoke,
The Alban and the Sabine range
Down yonder, seeming nothing strange,
Although first seen by me;
Firm as those storied highlands stand,
So, deep-laid in Italian land,
Shall Tasso's glory be.

Calm here, within his altar-grave,
The restless takes his rest;

Besculptured, as becomes the brave,
With nodding casque, and crest,
And shield, on which we trace the line,
The key-note of his song divine,
"Pro Fide!" Tasso lies.
So may we find our legend writ,
What time the Crucified shall sit
For judgment, in the skies!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Rome, Palaces and Villas of.

THE VATICAN.

AMID the hoary ruins, sculpture first,
Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrilled in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw,
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known Hero, who delivered Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable reared. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck:
The spreading shoulders, muscular and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touched

Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joyed.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised
His beauteous front, and through the finished whole
Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rushed impetuous forth
The Gladiator: pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other from the gloom she drew:
Supported on his shortened arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplished rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flushed, from prostrate Python, came
The quivered god. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow:
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly, softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixed with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora moved; her full proportioned limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix

Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamored, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost masterpiece she found,
That Maro fired; the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp:
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
That the touched heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmarked the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye the imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixed,
As the strong curling monsters from his side
His full extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touched, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppressed;
While, yet unpierced, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

James Thomson.

THE VATICAN.

OR, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain, —
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending: vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links, — the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life and poesy and light, —
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot, — the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity.

But in his delicate form — a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision — are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest, —

A ray of immortality, — and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory, — which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust, — nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which
't was wrought.

Lord Byron.

THE BELVEDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands, — no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine, — no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;

Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a god:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than reverence gazed the maid of France,
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude!
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope, — to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,

Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied:
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

Henry Hart Milman.

THE LAOCOÖN.

LAOCOÖN! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou prophecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the dreams
Of old mythologies, — alone, — alone!

* * *

A voice from out the world's experience,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come,
Of the long struggle, the sublime despair,
The wild and weary agony of man!

* * *

In the quick sunlight on the Esquiline,
Where thou didst sleep, De Fredis kept his vines,
And long above thee grew the grapes whose blood
Ran wild in Christian arteries, and fed

The fire of Christian revels. Ah! what fruit
Sucked up the marrow of thy marble there!
What fierce, mad dreams were those that scared the souls
Of men who drank, nor guessed what ichor stung
Their crimson lips, and tingled in their veins!
Strange growths were those that sprang above thy sleep:
Vines that were serpents; huge and ugly trunks
That took the forms of human agony, —
Contorted, gnarled, and grim, — and leaves that bore
The semblance of a thousand tortured hands,
And snaky tendrils that entwined themselves
Around all forms of life within their reach,
And crushed or blighted them!
At last the spade
Slid down to find the secret of the vines,
And touched thee with a thrill that startled Rome,
And swiftly called a shouting multitude
To witness thy unveiling.
Ah! what joy
Greeted the rising from thy long repose!
And one, the mighty master of his time,
The king of Christian art, with strong, sad face
Looked on, and wondered with the giddy crowd, —
Looked on and learned (too late, alas! for him),
That his humanity and God's own truth
Were more than Christian Rome, and spoke in words
Of larger import. Humbled Angelo
Bowed to the masters of the early days,
Grasped their strong hands across the centuries,
And went his way despairing!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

I.

THE MISERERE.

THOSE sounds expiring on mine ear, mine eye
Was by a corresponding impress spelled:
A vision of the angels that rebelled
Still hung before me through the yielding sky,
Sinking on plumes outstretched imploringly.
Their tempter's hopes and theirs forever quelled,
They sank, with hands upon their eyes close-held,
And longed, methought, for death, yet could not die.
Down, ever down, a mournful pageant streaming
With the slow, ceaseless motion of a river,
Inwoven choirs to ruin blindly tending,
They sank. I wept as one who weeps while dreaming
To see them, host on host, by force descending
Down the dim gulfs, forever and forever.

II.

FROM sadness on to sadness, woe to woe,
Searching all depths of grief ineffable,
Those sighs of the forsaken sink and swell,
And to a piercing shrillness, gathering, grow.
Now one by one, commingling now they flow;
Now in the dark they die, a piteous knell,
Lorn as the wail of exiled Israel,
Or Hagar weeping o'er her outcast. No, —
Never hath loss external forced such sighs!

O ye with secret sins that inly bleed,
And drift from God, search out, if ye are wise,
Your unrepented infelicities:
And pray, whate'er the punishment decreed,
It prove not exile from your Maker's eyes.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE MISERERE.

NOT of the earth that music! all things fade;
Vanish the pictured walls! and, one by one,
The starry candles silently expire!
And now, O Jesus! round that silent cross
A moment's pause, a hush as of the grave.
Now rises slow a silver mist of sound,
And all the heavens break out in drops of grief;
A rain of sobbing sweetness, swelling, dying,
Voice into voice inweaving with sweet throbs,
And fluttering pulses of impassioned moan,—
Veiled voices, in whose wailing there is awe,
And mysteries of love and agony,
A yearning anguish of celestial souls,
A shiver as of wings trembling the air,
As if God's shining doves, his spotless birds,
Wailed with a nightingale's heart-break of grief,
In this their starless night, when for our sins
Their sun, their life, their love, hangs darkly there,
Like a slain lamb, bleeding his life away!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

PALAZZO FARNESE.

GUIDO RENI in a Roman palace chamber
Sat one pleasant summer afternoon
('T was the old Farnese's sumptuous palace).
The walls were blazoned with the gilded moon
In crescent, and sweet tangles of those flowers
That blossom into faces, while birds play,
Fluttering from twig to twig, and lizards run
Below, and jewelled beetles crawl from spray to spray.

The great hall window, reaching to the floor,
Stood open for the vine to ramble in;
The birds were in the garden down below;
The silver-columned fountain, tall and thin
As a magician's wand, rose in the air;
Great yellow clouds, laden with sunshine, passed;
The sky, one flawless sapphire, floated there.

Guido was painting, half entranced in thought;
Quietly painting that pure, gentle face
You 've seen in lonely chapels oft and oft;
Calm, sweet, and radiant, with a saintly grace;
Chaste as a virgin martyr glorified;
Without one thought of earth, pure as the snow
Upon the Alp-peak, with no stain of sin
Sullying her form, save where one rapturous glow

Of coldest sunshine lit her marbly breast;
The dove-like eyes were all intent on heaven.

A Sabbath sanctity was in the air,
And not one glare of passion's burning leven.
Where was the proud and dark-eyed beauty then,
The painter's model? Where the peasant girl
All love and happiness? Where, then, was she
With throbbing bosom and with lavish curl?

Only a blear-eyed crone in a low chair,
Facing the central window, dozed or prayed.
Her cheeks were wrinkled leather, and her hair,
In one gray half-starved knot of grizzled braid,
Crowned her old nodding, semi-palsied head.
Her breviary was resting on her knees,
Nor recked she what the chiding painter said.

In came the cardinal, grave, and coldly wise.
His scarlet gown and robes of cobweb lace
Trailed on the marble floor; with convex glass
He bent o'er Guido's shoulder; soon his face
Grew wistful, and then curdled to a smile,
As he beheld the crone, and looked again.
"Where is thy model, Guido?" Guido said,
"I keep her, cardinal, locked up in my brain."

Walter Thornbury.

A DAY IN THE PAMFILI DORIA.

THOUGH the hills are cold and snowy,
And the wind drives chill to-day,
My heart goes back to a spring-time
Far, far in the past away.

And I see a quaint old city,
Weary and worn and brown,
Where the spring and the birds are so early,
And the sun in such light goes down.

I remember that old-time villa,
Where our afternoons went by,
Where the suns of March flushed warmly,
And spring was in earth and sky.

Out of the mouldering city,
Mouldering, old, and gray,
We sped, with a lightsome heart-thrill,
For a sunny, gladsome day, —

For a revel of fresh spring verdure,
For a race mid springing flowers,
For a vision of plashing fountains,
Of birds and blossoming bowers.

There were violet banks in the shadows,
Violets white and blue;
And a world of bright anemones,
That over the terrace grew, —

Blue and orange and purple,
Rosy and yellow and white,
Rising in rainbow bubbles,
Streaking the lawns with light.

And down from the old stone pine-trees,
Those far-off islands of air,

The birds are flinging the tidings
Of a joyful revel up there.

And now for the grand old fountains,
Tossing their silvery spray,
Those fountains so quaint and so many,
That are leaping and singing all day.

Those fountains of strange weird sculpture,
With lichens and moss o'ergrown,
Are they marble greening in moss-wreaths?
Or moss-wreaths whitening to stone?

Down many a wild, dim pathway
We ramble from morning till noon;
We linger, unheeding the hours,
Till evening comes all too soon.

And from out the ilex alleys,
Where lengthening shadows play,
We look on the dreamy Campagna,
All glowing with setting day, —

All melting in bands of purple,
In swathings and foldings of gold,
In ribands of azure and lilac,
Like a princely banner unrolled.

And the smoke of each distant cottage,
And the flash of each villa white,
Shines out with an opal glimmer,
Like gems in a casket of light.

And the dome of old St. Peter's
With a strange translucence glows,
Like a mighty bubble of amethyst
Floating in waves of rose.

In a trance of dreamy vagueness
We, gazing and yearning, behold
That city beheld by the prophet,
Whose walls were transparent gold.

And, dropping all solemn and slowly,
To hallow the softening spell,
There falls on the dying twilight
The Ave Maria bell.

With a mournful motherly softness,
With a weird and weary care,
That strange and ancient city
Seems calling the nations to prayer.

And the words that of old the angel
To the mother of Jesus brought,
Rise like a new evangel,
To hallow the trance of our thought.

With the smoke of the evening incense,
Our thoughts are ascending then
To Mary, the mother of Jesus,
To Jesus, the Master of men.

O city of prophets and martyrs,
O shrines of the sainted dead,

When, when shall the living day-spring
Once more on your towers be spread?

When He who is meek and lowly
Shall rule in those lordly halls,
And shall stand and feed as a shepherd
The flock which his mercy calls, —

O, then to those noble churches,
To picture and statue and gem,
To the pageant of solemn worship,
Shall the meaning come back again.

And this strange and ancient city,
In that reign of his truth and love,
Shall be what it seems in the twilight,
The type of that city above.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Rome, the Protestant Burial-Ground.

GRAVE OF KEATS.

PEACE! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep, —
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'T is we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief

Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes, — 't is Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

BUT one rude stone for him whose song
Revived the Grecian's plastic ease,
Till men and maidens danced along
In youth perpetual on his frieze!

Where lies that mould of senses fine
Men knew as Keats awhile ago,
We cannot trace a single sign
Of all that made his joy below.

There are no trees to talk of him
Who knew their hushes and their swells,
Where myriad leaves in forest dim
Build up their cloudy citadels.

No mystic-signalled passion-flowers
Spread their flat discs, while buds more fair
Swing like great bells, in frail green towers,
To toll away the summer air.

O Mother Earth! thy sides he bound
With far-off Venus' warmer zone,
With statelier sons thy landscape crowned,
Whose chiming voices matched thine own!

O Mother Earth, what hast thou brought
This tender frame that loved thee well?
Harsh grass and weeds alone are wrought
On his low grave's uneven swell.

Maria Lowell.

TWO GRAVES AT ROME.

SAINTS and Cæsars are here,
Bishops of Rome and the world,
Rulers by love and by fear, —
Those who in purple and gold
Pranked and lorded it here;
Those who in sackcloth and shame
Elected their limbs to enfold,
Scornful of pleasure and fame:
Ah, they had their reward!
There is something else that I seek
On the flowery sward,
By the pile of Cestius here!

Is it but two stones like the rest
Fondly preserving a name
Elsewhere unheeded of fame,
Set here by love, and left
To gather gray, like the rest?
— Psha! 'T is the fate of man!
We are wretched, we are bereft
Of all that gave life its plan,
The sunbeam and treasure of yore;
We lay it in earth and are gone;
Then, as before,
We laugh and forget like the rest.

A transient name on the stone,
A transient love in the heart;

We have our day and are gone:
— But it is not so with these!
There is life and love in the stone;
Names of beauty and light
Over all lands and seas
They have gone forth in their might:
Warmer and higher beats
The general heart at the words
Shelley and Keats:
There is life and love in the stone!

He with the gleaming eyes
And glances gentle and wild,
The angel eternal child;
His heart could not throb like ours,
He could not see with our eyes
Dimmed with the dulness of earth,
Blind with the bondage of hours;
Yet none with diviner mirth
Hailed what was noble and sweet;
The blood-tracked journey of life,
The way-sore feet,
None have watched with more human eyes.

And he who went first to the tomb, —
Rejoice, great souls of the dead!
For none in that earlier Rome
Took a bolder and lordlier heart
To the all-receiving tomb:
No richer, more equable eye,
No tongue of more musical art

Conversed with the gods on high,
Among all the minstrels who made
Sweetness 'tween Etna and Alp;
  Nor was any laid
With such music and tears in the tomb.

What seek ye, my comrades at Rome?
To see and be seen at the gay
Meet on the Appian Way,
Or within the tall palace at eve
To dance out your season at Rome?
To muse on the giants of old,
In the Forum at twilight to grieve?
It is more that these ruins enfold!
Warmer and higher beats
The Englishman's heart at the words,
  Shelley and Keats!
And here is the heart of our Rome.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

THREE FLOWERS.

HEREWITH I send you three pressed withered flowers:
This one was white, with golden star; this, blue
As Capri's cave; that, purple, and shot through
With sunset-orange. Where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under hanging bowers
The Arno glides, this faded Violet grew
On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
Its magic azure in the long spring hours.

Within the shadow of the Pyramid
Of Caius Cestius was the Daisy found,
White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
The Pansy, — there were hundreds of them, hid
In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Rome, the Campagna.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

HAVE none appeared as tillers of the ground,
None since they went, as though it still were theirs,
And they might come and claim their own again?
Was the last plough a Roman's?
From this seat,
Sacred for ages, whence, as Virgil sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Looked down and saw the armies in array,
Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where perhaps
Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Let us await their influence; silently
Revolving, as we rest on the green turf,
The changes from that hour when he from Troy
Came up the Tiber; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,

Streamed far and wide, and dashing oars were heard
Among those woods where Silvia's stag was lying,
His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
Where by the moon, that saw and yet withdrew not,
Two were so soon to wander and be slain,
Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
Divided.

Then, and hence to be discerned,
How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay
Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
Its little rivalships! What various turns
Of fortune there; what moving accidents
From ambuscade and open violence!
Mingling, the sounds came up; and hence how oft
We might have caught among the trees below,
Glittering with helm and shield, the men of Tibur;
Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
Some embassy, ascending to Præneste;
How oft descried, without thy gates, Aricia,
Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
Senate and people! Each a busy hive,
Glowing with life!

But all erelong are lost
In one. We look, and where the river rolls
Southward its shining labyrinth, in her strength
A city, girt with battlements and towers,
On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
At rural work, the citizens are seen,
None unemployed; the noblest of them all
Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-floors,
As though they had not conquered. Everywhere

Some trace of valor or heroic toil!
Here is the sacred field of the Horatii.
There are the Quintian meadows. Here the Hill
How holy, where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave way.
Helmet and shield and sword and spear thrown down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart
Poured out in thanks to Heaven.
Once again
We look; and lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory; temples, palaces,
Called up as by enchantment; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch high overhead;
And in the centre, like a burning sun,
The Imperial city! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them forth;
Who, when at length released by victory
(Buckler and spear hung up, but not to rust),
Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The Decii, the Fabricii? Where the spade
And reaping-hook, among their household things
Duly transmitted? In the hands of men
Made captive; while the master and his guests,
Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
Summer and winter, through the circling year,
On their Falernian, — in the hands of men

Dragged into slavery with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity, — to sink
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
As models for the sculptor.
But their days,
Their hours are numbered. Hark, a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous outcry, loud and louder yet,
That echoes from the mountains to the sea!
And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward! Had they slain
All, that the earth should from her womb bring forth
New nations to destroy them? From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as though in ice
Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge! Host after host, they come;
The Goth, the Vandal, and again the Goth!
Once more we look, and all is still as night,
All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapors that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismembered giant. In the midst
A city stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross; but they that issue forth
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;

And on the road, where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

Samuel Rogers.

THE CAMPAGNA SEEN FROM ST. JOHN LATERAN.

WAS it the trampling of triumphant hosts
That levelled thus yon plain, sea-like and hoary;
Armies from Rome sent forth to distant coasts,
Or back returning clad with spoils of glory?
Around it loom cape, ridge, and promontory:
Above it sunset shadows fleet like ghosts,
Fast-borne o'er keep and tomb, whose ancient boasts,
By Time confuted, name have none in story.
Fit seat for Rome! for here is ample space,
Which greatness chiefly needs, — severed alone
By yonder aqueducts, with queenly grace
That sweep in curves concentric ever on
(Bridging a world subjected as a chart),
To that great city, head of earth, and heart.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE CAMPAGNA.

LO, the Campagna! How those startling words
Sweep like swift fingers o'er enchanted cords,
Thrilling the heart with infinite delight!
Lo, the Campagna! The incredulous sight!
Sailing from this, the eagle's wild domain
Cleaves the far blue of the historic plain,
Fainting with pleasure. How, on this high bar,

The soul dilates, and trembles like a star
New born! And, lo! as in a sea of rest
Rome lies, a palmy island of the blest,
Glowing with glory. Lo! the aspiring dome,
The smaller sky that overarches Rome, —
Rome, and the minds of millions, — till it grows
Greater than that it emulates, and shows
How Power still sways, with her titanic will,
The ancestral sceptre on her sevenfold hill!
Here, where I stand, the weary pilgrim line
Drops on its knees before the long-sought shrine.
The way-worn mother, with her rapture wild,
Holds towards the Dome the wide-eyed, wondering child.
Here youths and maidens kneel, with marvellous stare,
With pleasure taking precedence of prayer;
Drinking the sight, of which, in some far year,
The curious grandchild at their side shall hear.
Here manhood, from some foreign harvest-field,
Kneels, as beside his mother's feet he kneeled;
And age, with white locks, bowing to the dust,
Salutes the goal, the temple of his trust,
His old arms crossed upon his tranquil breast,
Where all the passions lie in pious rest;
The lamb and lion, — and the child's control, —
The reign of peace. Millennium of the soul!
How beautiful! Old pilgrim, here by thee
The heretic within me bows the knee.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA.

I WONDER do you feel to-day
As I have felt, since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass to stray
In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it: first it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amassed
Five beetles, — blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal, — and last
Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air, —
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers.

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above.
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more —
Nor yours nor mine, — nor slave nor free!
Where does the fault lie? what the core
Of the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs, — your part, my part
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward — touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth, — I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak —
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go

Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
  Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star?

Just when I seemed about to learn!
  Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
  Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

Robert Browning.

ROMAN ROADS.

AND see from every gate those ancient roads,
  With tombs high-verged, the solemn paths of fame;
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have rolled, so many storms of war;
Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierced, o'er valleys raised,
In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements.

John Dyer.

APPIAN WAY.

ACROSS the broad Campagna fell
  The softly dropping rain,
Obscured the hills I love so well,
  And blotted out the plain.

As those gray mists came sweeping by,
  I seemed to see the ghosts

Of gallant Roman cavalry
Ride rallying to their posts.

The best of Rome was buried here,
Yet lonely is the way!
No living race esteems it dear, —
No pilgrim comes to pray.

The nameless tombs are overthrown
And open to the air,
And scarce the very race is known
Of nobles resting there.

A dreary double file of graves
That stretch across the land, —
The thick wild grass above them waves,
A fence on either hand;

And, quivering o'er the traveller's head,
The long electric wires
Wail faint and sweet about the dead
A dirge which never tires.

Pale shades that walk the Elysian groves
Would chant with tones like these,
Whose minor music softly moves
Responsive to the breeze.

When homeward bent at twilight hours
A yearning thrills through me; —
That long dim line of distant towers,
Like mountains seen at sea!

How oft it rises in my heart,
A vision soft and gray,
But never rendered yet by art, —
Rome from the Appian Way!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE APPIAN WAY.

AWE-STRUCK I gazed upon that rock-paved way,
The Appian Road; marmorean witness still
Of Rome's resistless stride and fateful will,
Which mocked at limits, opening out for aye
Divergent paths to one imperial sway.
The nations verily their parts fulfil;
And war must plough the fields which law shall till;
Therefore Rome triumphed till the appointed day.
Then from the Catacombs, like waves, upburst
The host of God, and scaled, as in an hour,
O'er all the earth the mountain-seats of power.
Gladly in that baptismal flood immersed
The old Empire died to live. Once more on high
It sits; now clothed with immortality!

Aubrey de Vere.

A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

THE sun-browned girl, whose limbs recline
When noon her languid hand has laid
Hot on the green flakes of the pine,
Beneath its narrow disk of shade;

As, through the flickering noontide glare,
She gazes on the rainbow chain

Of arches, lifting once in air
The rivers of the Roman's plain; —

Say, does her wandering eye recall
The mountain-current's icy wave,
Or for the dead one tear let fall,
Whose founts are broken by their grave?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves
Her braided tracery's winding veil,
And lacing stalks and tangled leaves
Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,
That swings beneath her slender bow,
Arch answering arch, — whose rounded line
Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!
The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,
Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,
The scanty rain its tribute pours, —
Which cooled the lip and laved the brow
Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,
Whose wants the captive earth supplied,
The dew of Memory's passing tear
Falls on the arches of her pride!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

THERE is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown; —
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? — A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's, — or more, — a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived, how loved, how died she? Was she not
So honored, and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? Such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy, — or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs? for such the affections are.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites, — early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

Perchance she died in age, surviving all, —
Charms, kindred, children, — with the silver-gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome, — but whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know, — Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride!

Lord Byron.

THE TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

STOP on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campania.
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella:
To-day, as you see it,
Alaric saw it ages ago
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,

Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin! thy curse remains.

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died.
Now my bones are dust, the Goths are dust,
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king:
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth,
Great were the Metelli.
I was Metella's wife:
I loved him, — and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial.
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella:
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base, —
Deep is its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome.

Mrs. R. H. Stoddard.

GROTTO OF EGERIA.

EGERIA! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;

Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring, — whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops: the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colored by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and, seating

Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamored goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy love, — the earliest oracle!

Lord Byron.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

CAN I forget that beauteous day,
When, sheltered from the burning beam,
First in thy haunted grot I lay,
And loosed my spirit to its dream,
Beneath the broken arch, o'erlaid
With ivy, dark with many a braid,
That clasped its tendrils to retain
The stone its roots had writhed in twain?
No zephyr on the leaflet played,
No bent grass bowed its slender blade,
The coiled snake lay slumber-bound;
All mute, all motionless around,
Save, livelier, while others slept,
The lizard on the sunbeam leapt;
And louder, while the groves were still,
The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill
As if their chirp could charm alone
Tired noontide with its unison.

Stranger! that roam'st in solitude!
Thou, too, mid tangling bushes rude,
Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
A rill more pure than Hippocrene,

That from a sacred fountain fed
The stream that filled its marble bed.
Its marble bed long since is gone,
And the stray water struggles on,
Brawling through weeds and stones its way.
There, when o'erpowered at blaze of day
Nature languishes in light,
Pass within the gloom of night,
Where the cool grot's dark arch o'ershades
Thy temples, and the waving braids
Of many a fragment brier that weaves
Its blossom through the ivy leaves.
Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
Where the moss mats its thickest woof,
Shalt hear the gathered ice-drops fall
Regular, at interval,
Drop after drop, one after one,
Making music on the stone,
While every drop, in slow decay,
Wears the recumbent nymph away.
Thou, too, if e'er thy youthful ear
Thrilled the Latian lay to hear,
Lulled to slumber in that cave,
Shalt hail the nymph that held the wave;
A goddess, who there deigned to meet
A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
And, o'er the gushing of her fount,
Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

William Sotheby.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

A GUSH of waters! faint and sweet and wild,
Like the far echo of the voice of years, —
The ancient Nature, singing to her child
The selfsame hymn that lulled the infant spheres!
A spell of song not louder than a sigh,
Yet speaking like a trumpet to the heart,
And thoughts that lift themselves triumphingly
O'er time, where time has triumphed over art,
As wild-flowers climb its ruins, haunt it still;
While still above the consecrated spot
Lifts up its prophet voice the ancient rill,
And flings its oracles along the grot.
But where is she, the lady of the stream,
And he whose worship was and is — a dream?

Silent, yet full of voices! — desolate,
Yet filled with memories, like a broken heart!
O for a vision like to his who sate
With thee, and with the moon and stars, apart,
By the cool fountain, many a livelong even,
That speaks, unheeded, to the desert now,
When vanished clouds had left the air all heaven,
And all was silent save the stream and thou,
Egeria! — solemn thought upon his brows,
For all his diadem; thy spirit-eyes
His only homage; and the flitting boughs
And birds alone between him and the skies!

Each outward sense expanded to a soul,
And every feeling tuned into a truth;
And all the bosom's shattered strings made whole,
And all its worn-out powers retouched with youth,
Beneath thy spell, that chastened while it charmed,
Thy words, that touched the spirit while they taught,
Thy look, that uttered wisdom while it warmed,
And moulded fancy in the stamp of thought,
And breathed an atmosphere below, above,
Light to the soul, and to the senses love!

Beautiful dreams! that haunt the younger earth,
In poet's pencil or in minstrel's song,
Like sighs or rainbows, dying in their birth,
Perceived a moment, and remembered long!
But, no! — bright visions! fables of the heart!
Not to the past alone do ye belong;
Types for all ages, wove when early art
To feeling gave a voice, to truth a tongue!
O, what if gods have left the Grecian mount,
And shrines are voiceless on the classic shore,
And long Egeria by the gushing fount
Waits for her monarch-lover nevermore!
Who hath not his Egeria? — some sweet thought,
Shrouded and shrined within his heart of hearts,
More closely cherished and more fondly sought
Still as the daylight of the soul departs;
The visioned lady of the spring, that wells
In the green valley of his brighter years,
Or gentle spirit that forever dwells
And sings of hope beside the fount of tears.

In the heart's trance, — the calenture of mind
That haunts the soul-sick mariner of life,
And paints the fields that he has left behind,
Like green morganas, on the tempest's strife;
In the dim hour when memory, whose song
Is still of buried hope, sings back the dead
And perished looks and forms, — a phantom-throng, —
With melancholy eyes and soundless tread,
Like lost Eurydices, from graves, retrack
The long-deserted chambers of the brain,
Until the yearning soul looks fondly back
To clasp them, and they vanish once again;
At even, when the fight of youth is done,
And sorrow, like the "searchers of the slain,"
Turns up the cold, dead faces, one by one,
Of prostrate joys and wishes, — but in vain!
And finds that all is lost, and walks around
Mid hopes that each has perished of its wound;
Then, pale Egeria! to thy moonlit cave
The maddened and the mourner may retire,
To cool the spirit's fever in thy wave,
And gather inspiration from thy lyre;
In solemn musings, when the world is still,
To woo a love less fleeting to the breast,
Or lie and dream, beside the prophet-rill
That resteth never, while it whispers rest;
Like Numa, cast earth's cares and crowns aside,
And commune with a spiritual bride!

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

ROMAN VILLEGGIATURA.

ALL shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat;
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie;
To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
Others, to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculum or Algido repair,
Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
A cooling shade and a refreshing wind.

Silius Italicus. Tr. Joseph Addison.

ROME TO BRUNDUSIUM.

LEAVING imperial Rome, my course I steer
To poor Aricia, and its moderate cheer.
From all the Greeks, in rhetorician lore,
The prize of learning my companion bore.
To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a place
Stuffed with rank boatmen, and with vintners base,
And laggard into two days' journey broke
What were but one to less-encumbered folk:
The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure
To those who choose to travel at their leisure.
The water here was of so foul a stream
Against my stomach I a war proclaim,
And wait, though not with much good-humor wait,
While with keen appetites my comrades eat.

Night o'er the earth now spread her dusky shade,
And through the heavens her starry train displayed,

What time, between the slaves and boatmen rise
Quarrels of clamorous rout. The boatman cries,
"Step in, my masters!" when with open throat,
"Enough, you scoundrel! will you sink the boat?"
Thus, while the mule is harnessed, and we pay
Our freights, an hour in wrangling slips away.
The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats, loud buzzing, drive away our sleep.
Drenched in the lees of wine, the watery swain
And passenger in loud alternate strain
Chant forth the absent fair, who warms his breast,
Till wearied passenger retires to rest.
Our clumsy bargeman sends his mule to graze,
And the rough cable to a rock belays,
Then snores supine; but when at rising light
Our boat stood still, up starts a hare-brained wight:
With sallow cudgel breaks the bargeman's pate,
And bangs the mule at a well-favored rate.
Thence onward laboring with a world of pain,
At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain:
There land and bathe; then after dinner creep
Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Whence Anxur shines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to settle things of weight;
For they had oft in embassy been joined,
And reconciled the masters of mankind.
Here, while I bathed my eyes with cooling ointment,
They both arrived according to appointment;
Fonteius too, a man of worth approved,
And no man more by Antony beloved.
Laughing we leave an entertainment rare,

The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish mayor,
The scrivener Luscus; now with pride elate,
With incense fumed, and big with robes of state.
From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's lodgers, and Fonteiust guests.
Next rising morn with double joy we greet,
For Plotius, Varius, Virgil here we meet:
Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with more affection glows:
How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compared, in sanity of mind,
To friends of such companionable kind.
Near the Campanian bridge that night we lay,
Where commissaries our expense defray.
Early next morn to Capua we came.
Mæcenas goes to tennis; hurtful game
To a weak stomach, and to tender eyes,
So down to sleep with Virgil, Horace lies.
Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whose house above the Caudian tavern's seated.
And now, O Muse, in faithful numbers tell
The memorable squabble that befell,
When Messius and Sarmentus joined in fight,
And whence descended each illustrious wight.
Messius, of high descent, from Osci came;
His mistress might her slave Sarmentus claim.
From such famed ancestry our champions rise.
"Hear me, thou horse-faced rogue," Sarmentus cries.
We laugh; when Messius, throwing up his head,
Accepts the challenge. "O," Sarmentus said,

"If you can threaten now, what would you do,
Had not the horn been rooted out, that grew
Full in thy front?" A gash, of deep disgrace,
Had stained the grisly honors of his face:
Then on his country's infamous disease,
And his own face, his ribaldry displays:
Begs him the one-eyed Cyclops's part to dance,
Since he nor mask nor tragic buskins wants.
Messius replied, in virulence of strain:
"Did you to Saturn consecrate your chain?
Though you were made a scrivener since your flight,
Yet that can never hurt your lady's right.
But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
Methinks a single pound of bread a day
Might such a sleek, thin-gutted rogue content."
And thus the jovial length of night we spent.
At our next inn our host was almost burned,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turned.
Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire.
But hunger all our terrors overcame,
We fly to save our meat and quench the flame.
Apulia now my native mountains shows,
Where the north-wind burns frore, and parching blows;
Nor could we well have climbed the steepy height,
Did we not at a neighboring village bait,
Where from green wood the smouldering flames arise,
And with a smoky sorrow fill our eyes.
In chariots thence at a large rate we came
Eight leagues, and baited at a town, whose name
Cannot in verse and measures be exprest,

But may by marks and tokens well be guessed.
Its water, nature's cheapest element,
Is bought and sold; its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear,
Whose bread is gritty, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with tears he goes:
With equal tenderness our sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toiled,
The journey long, the road with rain was spoiled
To Barium, famed for fish, we reached next day,
The weather fairer, but much worse the way.
Then water-cursed Egnatia gave us joke,
And laughter great to hear the moon-struck folk
Assert, if incense on their altars lay,
Without the help of fire it melts away.
The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe,
For I have better learned, in blissful ease
That the good gods enjoy immortal days,
Nor anxiously their native skies forsake,
When miracles the laws of nature break.
From thence our travels to Brundusium bend,
Where our long journey and my paper end.

Horace. Tr. Philip Francis.

Rubicon, the River.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

NOW Cæsar, marching swift, with winged haste
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
The vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought,
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When, lo! as he surveyed the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared:
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke:
"Presumptuous men! O, whither do you run?
O, whither bear ye these mine ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come."
She said; and sunk within the closing shade.
Astonishment and dread the chief invade.
Stiff rose his starting hair; he stood dismayed,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stayed.
"O thou," at length he cried, "whose hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who, from thy capitol's exalted height,

Dost o'er the widespread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line,
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!
Thou Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came
Thine Alban temple and thy Latial name;
And thou, immortal, sacred Vestal Flame!
But chief, O, chiefly thou, majestic Rome,
My first, my great divinity, to whom,
Thy still successful Cæsar, am I come;
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage;
On him thy hate, on him thy curse, bestow
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my toil,
O, favor thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile!"
He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursued his way.
So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,
Couched on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides.
Then if at length the flying dart infest,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor.
While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.

His bank on either side a limit stands,
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the winter torrent grows,
For wetting winds had thawed the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia, rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course,
First plunged amidst the flood the bolder horse;
With strength opposed against the stream they lead,
While to the smoother ford the foot with ease succeed.
The leader now had passed the torrent o'er,
And reached fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
"Here, farewell, peace and injured laws," he said.
"Since faith is broke and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, Goddess Fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide."

Lucan. Tr. Nicholas Rowe.

THE RUBICON.

ONWARD we pass: a vein-like rivulet
Glides gushingly along, whose azure threads
Disparted scarce their emptied channel wet;
Here swelling to a river such as heads
The steed slow wading through its pebbled beds:
Its name hath passed a household word with men,
Moral for him who late or early treads
Life's fortunate path: who grasps that moment when
The good or ill are offered, ne'er to come again:

Which leads to sunny happiness, or fame,
But leaves, for aye, in shallows if withstood;
Lo, where yon red banks tell the water's name,
The Rubicon: and here the arch-rebel stood;
Whose name is ever linked with that wild flood,
Spoiled child of Rome and Fortune, he who chained
Victory to his car: in changeful mood
An ever-varying Proteus, the unreined
Impulse, his law of will, obeyed as fate ordained.

With an unsettled eye and brow perturbed
He looked on, but saw not the river's course;
Earth seemed as if she rose and palpably curbed
His passage on: a wail as of remorse
Rose from that stream, her mandate to enforce;
The Roman mother stood before her son:
Life opening flashed on him from its first source,
All or of good or ill, to seek or shun,
The infinite of thought within its limit won.

Here Cæsar paused, the working influence
Of the stern circumstance that rules us still,
The prescient feeling of the right, the sense
Of conscience stifled but immutable,
Contending impulses of good and ill
Strove here for mastery, the balance hung
By the self-love that doth its fate fulfil:
Strength, faith, hope, confidence behind him clung,
Before, his foe's cold smile, pride conquered, and he sprung.

For O, what loves or human memories slaked,
Country, or fame, or gods, the undying thirst
Of feverish ambition once awaked?
Thine was of purer essence, to be first
Thy aim: Rome was not by thy tyranny cursed;
She loved, yet marvelled at thee; and the fear
Of thy dread eagles which by victory nursed,
Came, saw, and conquered, vanished when more near,
For thy unbroken faith taught foemen to revere.

Thou wert Rome's sacrifice, her greatest, last;
The throne upreared by thee a lesser took,
Yet fitter, so thy end of life surpassed:
He, wiser, turned the sword into a crook,
But who on thy bald laurelled brow could look,
Nor fear the heights ambition might attain?
Hate struck, the blow for freedom's he mistook;
But thou didst leave, on thy own altar slain,
A warning to earth's tyrants rendered not in vain.

For thou wert stamped by Nature one of those
Whose fiery spirits must ascend or die,
Conquering or falling, aught save life's repose
Thou couldst endure: thine the sublimity
Of an undying nature, and thy sigh
To be the first, the world's sole oracle,
Its grand but misdirected energy;
For when thy least wish fortune did fulfil,
What respite gave it thee, thou man of restless will?

And thou, Ariminum! wert first to hail
The immortal rebel on his march, when sprang
Thy citizens from morning slumbers pale,
As the shrill trumpets through thy forum rang!
The wild shouts of the soldiery, the clang
Of arms: and shielded o'er his legion's tide,
Cæsar, enthroned, forgot remorse's pang:
His brow inflamed with mingled wrath and pride,
Rising like War let loose with Até by his side.

The passionate harangue, the answering wrath,
Wrung from the fierce excitement of the hour:
The cohorts rushing on in their wild path,
Whose rage is reason and whose law is power!
The consciousness of dangers such as lower
O'er him who dares against his country rear
The rebel's standard, cursed alike his dower,
Failure, or triumph; vengeance, hate, and fear,
Passion's wild elements met in warring chaos here.

John Edmund Reade.

END OF VOL. II.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09939 186 2